

1½d.

Daily Mirror

THE COUPON ON
PAGE 2
SAVES MONEY.

No. 199.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

910 SCHOOL CHILDREN MAKE "GOD SAVE THE KING."



Yesterday the whole of the fifty-five schools under the London County Council were granted a holiday for the school sports at the London County Grounds, Herne Hill. Over 2,000 competitors took part in the various events. "God Save the King" was formed by 910 boys lying full length on the grass. The fourteen letters were each over 12 yards long.—(Photograph by Robinson.)

THE START OF THE "MIRROR" 2,000 MILES NON-STOP MOTOR-CAR RUN.



The "Mirror" motor-car set out on its 2,000 miles non-stop run yesterday amid an enthusiastic crowd. All along the Victoria Embankment crowds had collected to view the commencement of the interesting trial, and to wave "Good luck" to the occupants.

MORE DISASTER.

Three Russian Ships Sunk by Mines.

SPIES' SHORT SHRIFT.

Japanese Hanged in Sight of Comrades.

ANOTHER LAND BATTLE?

Further activity on the part of Admiral Skrydloff is shown by a report he has sent to the Tsar, stating that a torpedo flotilla made a sortie from Vladivostok last week and captured several trading and transport schooners.

Russia has suffered another disaster in the loss of two destroyers and a steamer, which were blown up by mines off Port Arthur. Of the crews 140 men were killed.

There is still no reliable news respecting the fighting which is said to have taken place in the vicinity of Newchwang during the past few days, but rumour has it that the Japanese have won another dearly-bought victory, and that the Russians have lost 5,000 men in two days' fighting. From the fact that the generals on both sides have been converging on the railway with enormous forces, it is inevitable that fighting on a stupendous scale must follow, if indeed, it has not already taken place.

At Port Arthur seven Japanese spies have been captured, and hanged on the fortifications in sight of the Japanese forces. The blockade is effectively maintained, but the siege is not likely to be pressed until the result of the decisive conflict on the railway is known.

DEADLY MINES.

Two More Russian Destroyers Go Down.

The following telegram indicates that the Russians have suffered another naval disaster:—

TOKIO, Wednesday.

The Japanese have captured a junk from Port Arthur with Chinamen on board.

Its crew report that a few days ago two Russian destroyers and the steamer Shintaping struck mines at the entrance to Port Arthur harbour and were sunk, 140 men being killed.—Reuter.

RUSSIAN SEVERITY.

Spies Hung at Port Arthur in Sight of the Japanese Forces.

A telegram from Chifu says the Russians at Port Arthur have caught two Japanese and five Chinamen and hanged them from the fortifications in sight of the Japanese forces.

The Japanese are supposed to have been engineer officers.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

Another report says that a Chinese engineer, who was in the service of the Russians at Port Arthur, and is well acquainted with the arrangements of the place, has disappeared from the fortress. His services will be of use to the Japanese conducting the siege.—Reuter.

BIG BATTLES RUMOURED.

From several quarters reports have been received of severe fighting in the vicinity of the scene of the battles being fixed, on the one hand, at Haicheng, midway between Newchwang and Liao-yang, while others fix the place near Kaiping, twenty miles south of Newchwang.

One account says that the battle near Haicheng lasted two days, and that the Russians lost 5,000 men and 168 officers killed and wounded.

ALL-NIGHT CANNONADE.

A Russian correspondent says he passed Tuesday night at Haicheng, where a deafening cannonade was heard from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m. It is believed that a big battle is proceeding in the south, probably in the vicinity of Tashichiao, or that Kaiping is again being bombarded.

For the past two days the inhabitants of Haicheng have heard heavy firing in the direction of Tashichiao, the junction of the railway line from Newchwang.

JAPAN'S DEARLY-BOUGHT VICTORY.

From St. Petersburg it is stated there are persistent rumours that a great battle has been fought in the Kwantung Peninsula.

A well-informed personage states that the victory—a dearly-bought one—fell once more to the Japanese.

RUSSIAN HEROISM.

Thrilling Story of a Terrible Fight.

Graphic details are given by a Russian war correspondent of the fighting at the battle of Wang-kau. He says:—

"In the centre of our position was our artillery, and on one battery which was doing terrible execution, mowing down whole files of the Japanese, the enemy for a time concentrated their whole artillery fire, evidently with the object of annihilating our gunners.

"For some time the battery could not be seen in the rain of bursting shrapnel which enveloped it. All the officers, including the commander, were wounded, and twenty men and twenty-eight horses were killed. The battery then ceased fire.

CHINESE SIGNAL WITH MIRRORS.

"The Russian soldiers are indeed heroes—calm and resolute in battle, steady during a retreat, and silent and patient in the hospitals. They die with resignation of their terrible wounds.

"During the whole battle the Chinese signalled information regarding our positions to the Japanese by means of mirrors fixed on long poles.

"Our losses were heavy. We believed that the battle was won. The troops remained in their positions. Their patience and their powers of resistance are astonishing."—Reuter.

ANOTHER RUSSIAN RAID.

Torpedo-Boats from Vladivostok Capture Transports and Schooners.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.

The Emperor has received the following telegram, of yesterday's date, from Vice-Admiral Skrydloff:—

"A division of torpedo boats, under the command of Captain Vinogradsky, which was sent by me on the 15th inst. on an expedition to the coasts of Japan returned to Vladivostok to-day.

"The torpedo-boats approached the port of Esashi, on the Island of Hokkaido, but fog prevented them entering the port.

"They captured several trading schooners and transport schooners, and brought one back with them to port."—Reuter.

It is reported that the Russian Vladivostok squadron seized on board the transport Sado Maru English gold pieces of the value of £200,000.

GAITY GIRLS INDIGNANT.

Resent Their Treatment by Society Ladies at Albert Hall.

There was a bitter feeling at the Gaiety last night with regard to the Hospital Bazaar at the Albert Hall.

A number of the members of the Gaiety Company consented to appear at a café chantant at the bazaar yesterday afternoon, but through insufficient advertising, or some other cause, when the actresses arrived they found the bazaar almost empty, practically the only persons present being the lady stall-holders.

The latter were not over-effusive in their greetings, and the Gaiety girls had perforce to sit down and wait. Finally, one of them was approached by a high society dame, who condescendingly said:—"I will tell your fortune if you like, even if you are a Gaiety girl." This, however, was not all.

After the ladies had waited in vain for an audience, one of the officials of the bazaar came up and presented some of them with tickets for tea. Thereupon small packets of money, done up in paper, made their appearance—contributions from the lady stall-holders for the girls to pay for their tea. The actresses did not hesitate. They wrapped the money up in its paper again and returned it to the senders.

"Perhaps you would take the money if you knew who it was that gave it to you," said the aggrieved remark of one of the "society ladies." The Gaiety girls finally left the hall in disgust.

"LABBY'S" CIGARETTE.

There was an amusing incident during the discussion on the new tobacco duty in the House of Commons yesterday.

In a humorous speech, which he prefaced with an explanation of the origin and manufacture of cigarettes, Mr. Labouchere—taking up a previous speaker's indictment of the habit—said he believed smoking cigarettes did a great deal of good. It seasoned the body against microbes. No one had ever shown that smoking did man, woman, or child any harm.

Amid continual outbursts of laughter he went on to say that he believed crime was lessened in a country in proportion to the amount of smoking done. It was like reading the Bible. He did not think he should vote at all, but would go out of the House and have a cigarette.

With this he calmly walked out amid cheers and laughter.

BRIGAND'S TRIUMPH.

Raisuli Will Get Ransom for His Captives.

TANGIER, Wednesday.

There is good authority for stating that Mr. Perdicaris and Mr. Varley will be released to-morrow. The prisoners, whose liberation Raisuli has demanded, and the money, partly in silver and partly in cheques, will leave here to-morrow morning.

The ransom of 70,000 dollars has been advanced to the Sultan by a French firm here.—Reuter.

Raisuli seems to have obtained all he demanded, though it is difficult to see how he will change the cheques mentioned in the above dispatch.

COMMONS SCENE.

Hot Words Between Deputy-Speaker and Opposition.

The Speaker was not in the House of Commons yesterday—he was receiving an honorary degree at Oxford—and his absence was marked by a noisy scene between his deputy, Mr. J. W. Lowther, and a section of the Opposition.

A question had been put to the Colonial Secretary by Dr. Hutchinson concerning the outbreak of beri-beri among the Chinese landing in South Africa. Mr. Lyttelton, in replying, said, "I have telegraphed to inquire of Lord Milner about these circumstances, but I have, as yet, received no reply. I have every confidence in regard to the measures taken as to the outbreak, and that every possible precaution will be taken."

Dr. Hutchinson said that after the extremely unsatisfactory reply (cheers and cries of Order) he would ask leave to move the adjournment of the House in order to call attention to the imminent danger.

There was an outburst of laughter at this, but Dr. Hutchinson expressed surprise at any member laughing. The danger, he went on, arose from the introduction of such a highly infectious and fatal disease as beri-beri into South Africa. (Opposition cheers.)

The Deputy-Speaker pointed out that the motion was already covered by one of the notices on the paper. There was a notice in the name of the member for Bermondsey (Mr. Cust) to call attention to the conditions of transportation; and in the name of the hon. member for Coventry (Mr. C. J. Murray) ("Oh, oh," and uproar)—

CONTINUOUS UPROAR.

Sir W. Foster rose, but there were Mr. J. Redmond, and continuous uproar, during which each member gave way for the other, followed for some minutes.

The Deputy-Speaker then read the words of the notice of the member for Coventry, Mr. Murray, and after questions had been put as to its real purport, he remarked that he did not know what Mr. Murray's intention was, but the motion was so drafted as to include all matters in connection with the importation of Chinese labour.

ULTERIOR MOTIVES.

Mr. J. Redmond asked the Prime Minister, did he intend to take any steps to prevent the House being reduced to a state of impotence as to the discussion of any matter that might arise by the action of some obscure individual putting down a notice of motion.

The matter was one of very great difficulty, Mr. Balfour said in reply, and it was made the more difficult by the fact that there was a widespread belief that those motions were directed not so much to deal with matters discovered outside the House as to the progress of business inside the House.

He did not at all deny that some of these notices were put down to prevent such motions as were moved with the secondary object he had described. He thought the subject in which Dr. Hutchinson was interested could be much better discussed on the vote for the Colonial Secretary.

Amid cheers and counter-cheers, Mr. Winston Churchill rose to put a question of order that the Deputy-Speaker said could not be put. Mr. J. Redmond, amid uproar, put another question; while the Deputy-Speaker ordered the Clerk to read the orders of the day.

MR. CHURCHILL PERSISTS.

Mr. W. Churchill, rising from the Opposition bench below the gangway, persisted in standing up to ask another question, notwithstanding that the time for questions was past. His standing provoked cries of "Order, order," and uproar.

The Deputy-Speaker, while the uproar continued, left the chair amid cries of "Gag, gag" from the Irish members, and counter cries of "Shame, shame."

Another death has occurred at Durban from beri-beri. It is probable, Reuter states, that the other cases will be sent back to China.

RUN TO THE NORTH.

"Mirror" Car Starts on Its Great Trip.

ENTHUSIASTIC SEND-OFF.

The sun shone yesterday afternoon on the start of the *Mirror* 2,000 miles non-stop motor run, and there was breeze enough to flutter the flag on the Talbot 20-h.p. car by which the record journey is now being made.

Nothing was lacking in the way of a good send-off. In front of the *Mirror* office, Carmelite-street, a great crowd assembled to wish Mr. Weigel, the driver, and Mr. T. Williams, the *Mirror* representative, good luck.

They pressed around the Talbot car as if she were a Derby winner. They wanted to be photographed with her, and they attained their object. To-day they will find diversion in identifying their faces in the *Mirror* picture.

As if drawn thither by a sort of fellow feeling, motor-cars drew into Carmelite-street from all directions, so that when Mr. Weigel set off his Talbot headed a veritable cavalcade of cars.

They came to give the *Mirror* enterprise, on behalf of the automobile industry, the fillip it deserved. The Earl of Shrewsbury and Sir Thomas Dewar, M.P., heartily countenanced the undertaking.

JARROTT'S GRACEFUL CURVE.

Sinuously the procession, like a mechanical green snake, wound its way by Northumberland-avenue, past Trafalgar-square, and up Regent-street.

Near the square Mr. Charles Jarrott, fresh from the Gordon-Bennett Cup race, and looking all the better for his express sprint on German soil, joined the *Mirror* non-stop long-distance event, on his elegant De Dietrich, falling into line by describing a semi-circle round an electric standard, with the graceful sweep of a skater cutting a figure on the ice.

Bovies of pretty warehouse girls gathered at shop doors and windows to wave their good wishes. The fair sex dearly love a motor-car, and the benefit to be done to the automobile industry by the *Mirror* non-stop run must tend to bring this luxury still nearer the reach of all.

The intention of the *Mirror* coupage of motors was to see Messrs. Weigel and Williams as far as Barnet, and then drop off, leaving the solitary car to go on its way humming—bound from London to Perth and back twice, and thereafter from London to Portsmouth and back, making in all a journey of 2,017 miles.

WHITE-FROCKED NURSEMAIDS.

Once outside the traffic zone the motors spun merrily along the Finchley-road, where more white-frokked nursemaids may be seen on a summer afternoon than anywhere else in London. The girls and their children giggled with delight.

When the rim of the metropolis had been crossed, and the air grew redolent with the perfume of new-mown hay—a sweeter aroma than ever was bottled—the attendant cars fell off.

We waved adieu and shouted God speed to the travellers, who only looked over their shoulders as much as to say, "Don't you envy us?"

NO ROOM TO SLEEP.

Candidly, we didn't. Four days and nights without sleep, except such winks as may be snatched in the commissariat tonneau, was barely calculated to exhaust the every faculty of ordinary mortals who make a practice of sandwiching every two days of hard work with seven or eight hours of sound sleep.

They have rations in plenty, though table d'hôte dinners are out of the question. An excellent substitute will be found in Bovril, Peter's chocolate, and Colport patent hot foods. The flag of victory is of the best-ricd-cloth, manufactured by Piggott Brothers, 59, Bishopsgate-street Without. A photograph of the start appears on page 1.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE.)

GRANTHAM, 7.47 p.m.
One hundred and ten miles from London. Car going well. Weather fine.

Big reception from towns and villages en route.
T. W. WILLIAMS.

PAUPERS IN TALL HATS.

Far-famed Bumble must be turning in his grave. There is (says the "City Press") a certain board of guardians in the South of London that allows its inmates to don the silk hat when they leave the institution for a day's holiday. This little privilege, it seems, is restricted to those who have seen far better days.

DIED FOR HIS FRIEND.

"I am very sorry for you and for your loss, but you have the consolation of knowing your son was a brave boy." This was the remark made by the Coroner at Merthyr to the father of a thirteen-year-old boy, named Edwin Pullman, who has lost his life trying to save a drowning schoolfellow.

A CONGRESS OF CRIPPLES.

Trainloads of Pilgrims at the Scotch Lourdes.

MIRACULOUS CURES.

The pilgrimage of Lancashire cripples who have been visiting Blantyre returned yesterday, well pleased with the result of their journey to the Scotch Lourdes.

On all hands were heard enthusiastic praises of William Rae, the collier bone-setter, who is credited with well-nigh miraculous powers.

Certainly his achievements have been remarkable, and have made the name of Blantyre, hitherto only known as the birthplace of David Livingstone, famous throughout England.

Of the hundreds of patients who have been seen by him since Saturday most have, they are convinced, derived great benefit from his attentions, and our representative, who has interviewed scores of patients, heard nothing but tales of gratitude.

The pilgrims return home cured of many aches and pains which have baffled medical men for years.

The Wonder Worker.

Rae's is a curious personality. He claims he has no trace of charlatanism about him, and though he says the Lord has given him a special gift for treating dislocations, he disclaims the title of miracle worker.

When the *Mirror* representative called upon him he found the healer seated in the kitchen of his humble cottage. He was just commencing his evening meal, and was engaged saying grace when the visitor arrived. With characteristic Scottish hospitality Mr. Rae invited the journalist to share the meal, and, nervous rather than shy, he heard the story of the acquisition of his uncanny dexterity. He was modest, and said his process merely consists of a peculiar massage-like operation performed by passing his hands deftly over the affected parts, and by gradual pressure getting the dislocated bones into position.

The operation in many cases gives a good deal of physical pain to the patient for a moment or two, but that is generally borne with stoical indifference, the patient being buoyed up with the consolation that the momentary pain may mean lifelong comfort and physical well-being.

Rae is a man about 4 ft. in height, stooped by his life in the pits, and nervous rather than hardy.

His hands are the most marked of his physical characteristics, being long, pliable, and strong, showing that they have been inured to honest toil.

Gift From a Higher Power.

Rae has studied human and animal anatomy as a hobby since he was fourteen years old, but has had no surgical training. He relies solely on his experience—and the "gift" he claims from a Higher Power.

Whatever the sceptical medical critic might say, the whole of Lancashire believes in Rae's powers. For it is from Bolton and the factory districts that his patients mostly come, and in such crowds that special excursion trains have been run. In his own country the prophet has less honour. In Glasgow, which is only seven miles from Rae's village cottage, his fame hardly seems to have awakened much interest.

Cases which have baffled hospital doctors for years pass through his strong, supple hands completely cured. No instruments or operating table clutter the tiny upstairs cottage bedroom in which he sees his patients.

Crooked spines, useless hip-joints, all Nature's horrid whims in curving and deforming humanity, yielded to the magic touch of these wonderful sinewy hands.

Procession of Cripples.

From the wayside railway station of Blantyre has come during the last few days a constant procession of cripples and maimed. They came, little children in the arms of their tearful mothers, girls and youths in perambulators, and improvised invalid carriages, the middle-aged and old painfully hobbling on crutches and feebly limping stick in hand along the dusty road. They have come at the rate of some hundred and fifty a day. On Saturday three hundred and sixty clamoured for treatment, and the whole of Sunday was given up to the Christian work of healing.

The charge is the same to all—10s. Nothing more will William Rae accept, even from the wealthy. From those who are poor to pay his fee he asks nothing and expects nothing. His healing "gift" is at the service of all, and must be withheld from no one.

The list of his well-authenticated cures is simply staggering.

MEET OF THE COACHING CLUB.

Twenty-six coaches made a brave show at the Magazine, Hy's Park, yesterday. The occasion was the second meet of the Coaching Club.

Bays and browns appeared to be the favourite colour, there being very few teams of the once popular chesnuts.

KING EDWARD'S VOYAGE.

His Majesty Starts This Evening for Kiel.

King Edward starts to-day on one of those Continental holidays which do so much to increase the estimation in which this country is held on the Continent. His visit to the Kaiser at Kiel Regatta may not have all the happy effects of the King's French trip, but it will probably improve the sentiments existing between the two great commercial nations of Europe.

The royal yacht the *Victoria* and *Albert*, on which His Majesty will embark at Port Victoria, has taken in coal and is ready for the voyage. She steamed into Sheerness yesterday morning in company with her escorts, the cruisers *Bedford*, *Essex*, *Dido*, and *Junco*, and the destroyers *Cherwell*, *Greyhound*, *Kacehorse*, *Roebuck*, *Dove*, and *Falcon*.

His Majesty will leave Charing Cross by special train at 9.45 this evening. He will join the royal yacht at Port Victoria.

At Hottenau Lock, the entrance to the Kiel water, the Kaiser will await the King, and there the monarchs will exchange a cordial greeting.

On Sunday evening his Majesty will return the compliment by giving a dinner on board the *Victoria* and *Albert*.

Monday's programme includes a series of visits to various places of interest, luncheon on board the *flagship*, and the distribution of prizes in the *Dover* to *Heligoland* race.

On Tuesday the King and Emperor will take part in the race to Eckenforde on board the Kaiser's racing yacht *Meteor*, returning in the evening to Kiel, where a grand banquet is to be given in the Royal Castle.

For Wednesday's racing at Eckenforde King Edward has offered a gold cup for a race in which some of the pick of racing craft will take part.

On Thursday the King has accepted an invitation to visit Hamburg, and receptions in his honour will be given in the Senate, the Chamber of Commerce, and at the Bourse.

SOCIETY WATER NYMPHS.

Mr. Chaplin Beats a Retreat from a Ladies' Swimming Contest.

A fashionable crowd of ladies assembled at the Bath Club yesterday to witness the annual race for the ladies' championship shield.

Timed for twelve noon, the quarter had struck ere a slender black figure, with flowing golden hair, plunged into the unbroken stillness of the water, and Miss Florence Chaplin had begun to swim valiantly for the challenge shield.

The swimming was really wonderful, especially that of the winner, Miss Vere Davnay, whose strokes beneath the water gained her a volley of applause.

Finally she was declared the winner of the shield for the third time in succession; Miss Grace Waterlow gaining the silver medal, and Miss V. Pensonby the bronze medal.

Numbers of distinguished people watched the exhibition, including the Duchess of Portland, Lady Maud Warrender, Lady Downe, Lady Constance Richardson, and Mrs. W. H. Grenfell. Mr. Henry Chaplin was there, looking thoroughly uncomfortable and vainly endeavouring to shield himself behind the picture hat worn by Mrs. Grenfell.

Eventually he became too shy to stand the volley of glances from across the water, and went out in haste.

HIRE PURCHASE IN ART.

How the National Art Collections May Be Enriched.

The plea put forward by Lord Davy, that the limited income of £2,000 will not allow the trustees of the Chantry Bequest to purchase high-priced pictures, is not conclusive.

A well-known art dealer, whose name, for obvious reasons is withheld, yesterday informed the *Mirror* that arrangements could easily be made to secure works up to any figure on the hire-purchase system.

The income is, of course, fully secured, and payments would be extended over a term of years if desired.

JUDGE AFFECTED BY DEATH SENTENCE.

With bowed head and tears in his eyes, Samuel Rowledge, a carpenter, thirty-seven years of age, received sentence of death from the new Judge, Mr. Justice Bray, at Northamptonshire Assizes yesterday, for murdering his sweetheart, Alice Foster.

The girl had reproved him for telling a lie, on which he rushed upstairs, fetched a revolver and shot her.

Counsel for the defence raised the plea of insanity.

The Judge was visibly affected, and made no comments in delivering sentence.

MASSACRE SEQUEL.

Sensational Suicide of a British Administrator.

BRISBANE, Wednesday.

Mr. Robinson, Chief Justice of New Guinea, who was Acting Administrator at the time when the serious encounter occurred between the Merrie England and the natives at Goarabri, shot himself on the 19th inst. in New Guinea.

He had previously had a long conference with Captain Barton, the newly-appointed Administrator.

Mr. Robinson, whose self-inflicted wound was fatal, left a long statement, which has not yet been made public.—Reuter.

This suicide of Mr. Robinson is the dramatic climax of an ugly scandal.

Last March, the Government steamer *Merrie England* visited Goarabri, New Guinea, to punish the natives for having murdered Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Tomkins, two missionaries, in 1901. Mr. Robinson, as Acting Administrator, was in command of the party, and he sent word to the chiefs of the tribe requiring them to hand over the actual culprits.

According to a report furnished by an independent witness the chiefs pointed out that many of the tribe had already been shot for the murder of the two missionaries, but they finally decided to send a party to the steamer to sue for peace. The natives were subsequently invited on board, and while there some were seized and roughly handled. The remainder took fright and jumped overboard.

The police on the *Merrie England* thereupon, according to this account, commenced firing, and a general massacre ensued until none of the advance party, numbering fifty, were left alive.

Mr. Robinson had before this borne an excellent reputation as an able Administrator, and he was also known as an explorer and ethnologist.

SCHOOLBOYS AS LOYAL LETTERS.

"God Save the King" Spelled by 910 Living Bodies.

"God Save the King" portrayed in living letters by 900 human beings!

This unique sight was presented yesterday to 10,000 people at the London County Athletic Grounds at Herne Hill.

The occasion was the thirteenth annual athletic festival of South London Schools, fifty-five schools, under the jurisdiction of the London County Council, being represented.

For this, the "star" event on the programme, and the biggest spectacle of its kind ever seen in London, teams representing fourteen schools turned out.

To the strains of a brisk march a sharp command rang out, and the boys arranged themselves, to form the letters of the royal toast. Another, and the 900 boys dropped as one "man" into a sitting position. A third, and they lay motionless, arms pressed to their sides and legs close together.

"God Save the King," perfectly formed in living letters of black and white, started at the spectators from the field. The Union Jack was held up as a background, and the band hymned the National Anthem.

Each letter was twelve yards long and six yards wide. The performance was excellent.

A photograph of the boys will be found on page 1.

AN ANCIENT ANNUITY.

Curious Heritage for Procuring Arrows to Fight the Danes.

An annuity dating back to the year 1476 is attached to the living of Pinhoe, near Exeter, of which the Rev. O. Puckeridge is the present vicar. The annuity amounts to 10s., and tradition says that in the year 1601, when the supply of ammunition fell short during an encounter between the English and the Danes, "the mass priest of that place, for his skill and daring in procuring a supply of arrows," was granted the reward of 10s., which has been continued to his successors in office.

PRINCE EDDIE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

The King and Queen have invited a number of children to an afternoon party to be held at Buckingham Palace to-day, in honour of the tenth anniversary of the birth of Prince Edward, the eldest son of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

FIRST ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN.

ZERMATT, Wednesday.

M. Auguste Gindraux, of Bienne, accompanied by the guides Julius zum Taugwald and David Biner, of Zermatt, to-day made the first ascent for the season of the Matterhorn, arriving at the summit at ten o'clock. The weather was beautiful.—Reuter.

SCENES OF SPLENDOUR.

The Most Brilliant Court of the Season.

JEWELS AND DRESSES.

The last and the most splendid Court of the season took place last night at Buckingham Palace. Though smaller than any of those preceding, it was essentially more brilliant; the weather for one thing was propitious, and this being the last Court of the London season, all the great ladies wore their most beautiful ornaments and their most gorgeous gowns.

To the expectantly waiting crowd outside, too, it was by far the most successful of the series, for it was still full daylight when the first carriage drew up outside the Palace, and when the soldiers arrived.

A Glimpse of Fairyland.

Inside all was as usual, like a scene out of fairyland. Lights gleamed everywhere, the delicious scent of roses made the air fragrant, while coolness was ensured by huge blocks of ice standing about in every available corner.

The royal party entered the Throne Room shortly after ten o'clock, and was an unusually splendid one.

The King appeared in excellent health, and her Majesty, as usual, looked radiant in a scintillating gown ablaze with gems, and a small diamond crown on her head.

The Princess of Wales wore black, also with many diamonds, and a long, soft train.

A great feature of the Court was the number of important brides who were presented on their marriage.

First in interest, perhaps, was Lady Iveagh, who presented her three beautiful daughters-in-law. Lady Iveagh herself wore some wonderful jewels with her grey gown, and carried a Goodyear bouquet of pink roses and white orchids.

First to make her curtsy was Lady Gwendolen Guinness, who wore her exquisite white chiffon wedding gown; Mrs. Ernest Guinness also wore her wedding gown, as did the third bride of this lovely trio, Lady Evelyn Lascelles, who had an enormous diamond crown on her fair hair.

Beauty of the Night.

The beauty of the night was Lady Helmsley, née Lady Marjorie Greville. She was presented by her mother-in-law, Muriel Lady Helmsley, and wore a soft, simply made, white satin gown, with very few jewels. She made a perfect picture with her exquisite complexion and great dark eyes, and carried a loose nosegay of fragrant flowers.

The jewels worn by Baroness de Forest, another bride, were gorgeous; she was literally a blaze of white and silver, with masses of exquisite diamonds and pearls.

Lady Beatrice Stanley, presented on her marriage by Lady Derby, also wore her bridal white; as did Lady Sybil Grant, whose exquisite flowers were much admired with a very simple gown.

There were two particularly interesting debutantes. Lady Viola Talbot was presented by the Dowager Lady Shrewsbury, her grandmother, and Lady Constance Knox by Lady Randolph.

The Court was not a long one, and the royal party went in to supper soon after eleven o'clock, and it was only just midnight when the gate of the Palace clanged behind the last carriage, and the last of this year's Courts was a thing of the past.

LOST FOR THREE MONTHS.

East-Enders Rejoice Over the Recovery of a Lost Child.

Scenes of rejoicing were witnessed in the East End yesterday to celebrate the safe recovery of a four-year-old girl who mysteriously disappeared about three months ago.

The child, whose name is Nellie Pooley, resided with her parents at Cornwall-street, and one day, while playing in the street, was suddenly missed. A hue and cry was at once raised, and descriptions of the girl appeared in the *Mirror* and other newspapers.

Nothing was heard of her, however, until this week, when the child's mother struck a clue in Sheffield, and following it up had the joy of finding little Nellie safe and sound in a common lodging-house at Sheffield.

Yesterday Mrs. Pooley returned home with the child, and, as the good news quickly spread, the neighbours showed their delight and sympathy by decorating their houses and showering congratulations on the happy parents.

It is said that the child was taken away by a woman, and that an arrest is probable.

SERVANT AS FINANCIER.

How She Helped to Equip an Expedition.

A domestic servant appeared before Mr. Lane at West London Police Court yesterday in the remarkable role of financier to an expedition.

A seaman named Arthur de Rega, twenty-seven years of age, who is stated to have had an unusually adventurous career, stood in the dock charged with obtaining £124 by false pretences from Rosalie Cooper, who is in service at Redcliffe Gardens, South Kensington.

The prosecutrix stated that last October she met De Rega in the street, and he wished her "good evening." An acquaintance was struck up, and they met on several subsequent occasions. He told her he was owner of a schooner at Southend, and he introduced her to a Captain Bates, with whom he said he was about to set out on an expedition.

For the purpose of repairing the schooner he applied to her for the loan of several sums of money, which amounted in all to £124. She advanced the money, believing his statement, and on his promise to give her £10 as interest on the loan.

No Filtration.

The Magistrate: Was that the only consideration? There was never any filtration or anything of that sort?

Witness: No, sir, nothing. Detective-sergeant Fitzgerald said that as yet the police had no other evidence.

Mr. A. de Fleury, who appeared for the accused, said he could show that there was no false pretence. The accused was concerned in a genuine expedition, for which money was being raised.

The Magistrate granted a remand, offering to accept two sureties in £50 for the accused's appearance.

It subsequently transpired that De Rega was engaged in the Touraine Expedition under Major Spilburg, for the importation of arms into Morocco. That venture was stopped by the authorities. He was starting another expedition, but it fell through owing to the treaty between England and France, by which certain rights over Morocco were conceded to the French.

MAJOR AND HIS WIFE.

Both Fail to Sustain Their Charges of Cruelty.

Ryan v. Ryan, the case which has occupied the time of the Divorce Court for some days, came to an end yesterday. It was the petition of Mrs. Ethel Hyde Ryan for a divorce on account of the alleged cruelty and misconduct of her husband, Major Charles M. Ryan, D.S.O., of the Army Service Corps.

Sir Francis Jeune said the main question for the jury to determine was that of the husband's cruelty. If a case of physical violence were made out, that would constitute cruelty. There was one instance in which this was said to have occurred, and here there was absolute contradiction between the evidence of the Major's mother and that of his wife.

As to the charge of cruelty against his wife, the President said that the husband had deposed to his wife throwing a tumbler at him, cutting his head open; her story was that it was done by accident, through the ship lurching. However, she did not express any sorrow or regret at the time, as a woman naturally would, and allowed him to go by himself to the ship's surgeon to have his head bandaged.

The jury found Major Charles Montgomery Ryan had not been guilty of cruelty to his wife, but that he had been guilty of misconduct. They also found that the petitioner, Mrs. Ryan, had not been guilty of cruelty to her husband.

Sir F. Jeune deferred his judgment until to-day.

WHISKY GIVEN AWAY WITH SODA.

An ingenious defence was made yesterday on behalf of Marie Blunté, who was summoned at the North London Police Court for selling whisky without being licensed to do so.

The defendant was the proprietress of the Mozart House Dancing Rooms, Stoke Newington, and on April 29, at a cricket club dance, was discovered by an officer of the Inland Revenue selling whisky and soda.

Yesterday her solicitor told the magistrate that the whisky was given away. The 4d. charged for the drinks was for the soda. Mr. Bros, however, imposed a fine of £5, with 2s. costs.

TRYING TO "SQUARE" THE POLICE.

Dr. Edward Lehwess, of the Motor Emporium, Addison-road, was fined £50 at the Old Bailey yesterday for attempting to bribe a policeman.

It was stated that Lehwess had been running a motor-car bearing the number "U-421." The letter "U" would indicate that the car was licensed at Leeds, but the Leeds police had communicated with the London police that they had issued no such licence. A policeman was sent to make inquiries, and Lehwess offered him a sovereign to try to "square" the case.

MEDICAL RATE WAR.

Clapton Doctor Who "Cut" Down to Twopence His Fees for Medicine and Treatment.

Some further extremely interesting particulars about the theory and practice of therapeutics in the suburb of Clapton have been divulged before Mr. Justice Darling and a special jury.

If one was asked to pick out the two most important facts revealed yesterday, when the dispute between Dr. Ponder, on one side, and Dr. Wallis and his colleagues, on the other, was heard for the second time, the following remarkable actualities would probably be one's choice.

(1) There is a medical man in Clapton who treats patients at his surgery for a fee of "tuppence," including medicine, while, if called upon to go to the patients' own houses, he demands but the modest honorarium of 5s.4d. (medicine also included).

(2) Dr. Wallis, the principal plaintiff, announced from the witness-box that he was willing to give Clapton patients a barrel of physic if they paid him a 5s.

It was a medical man not connected with the case, except as a witness, who gave the information about the place where you can be physicked and diagnosed for "tuppence."

Dr. Bloomenthal—that was the witness's name—spoke with a certain amount of remorse and pain, for, quite naturally, what he had to impart was not as satisfactory to himself, as a Clapton practitioner, as it must be to that part of the general public that likes its doctoring cheap.

EFFECT OF UNDERSELLING.

It was almost impossible, said Dr. Bloomenthal, for the medical men of the part of Clapton under review, to charge more than sixpence for surgery cases, because of the underselling of the "tuppenny" doctor.

During the recital of these facts Mr. Justice Darling's eyes appeared to be blazing with indignation, and when the witness paused he said:—

"Is this monster in human form in Court? If so, what shall we do with him?"

And, forgetting the awful consequences that might have overtaken the monster if he had been present, the audience laughed long and loudly.

Dr. Bloomenthal added with renewed regret that there were other monsters in Clapton who did similar nefarious deeds under the protectingegis of medical misnomers.

In Clapton, he continued, it was not unusual for a doctor to charge different prices for the same advice and medicine. This elastic state of things reminded the Judge of an appropriate couplet:—

To the poor he advice gave away;

To the rich he prescribed and took pay.

But, added his lordship, the comparison was not

complete, as the gentleman referred to did not live in Clapton.

A lady patient, who, it was complained, was not duly passed on to Dr. Ponder when he took over the practice in dispute, told the Court very rapidly how her husband objected to her being attended by Dr. Ross, the lady colleague of Dr. Wallis, and how her acquiescence took place with happy results.

A JUDICIAL POSEUR.

Mr. Justice Darling (explaining the matter to the jury). The contention was satisfactory, and the husband objected. (Puzzled laughter.)

Dr. Wallis, after his counsel had stated that he denied there had been any misrepresentation when he sold the practice to Dr. Ponder, went into the witness-box and explained how he had made a thousand a year in Clapton. Counsel on the other side was very anxious to know whether he considered that transferred the same practice to Dr. Ponder.

This question suggested three problems, medical and otherwise, to Mr. Justice Darling, and he gave them to the doctors present to diagnose. The problems were:—

1. Supposing a doctor had a practice with a thousand patients, and one of them died while it was being sold to another doctor. Would it be the same practice?

2. If it grew, would it be the same practice?

3. If a man bought a puppy, and it grew, would it be the same puppy?

Shortly afterward his Lordship had occasion to make another quotation. It had been stated that a Dr. Jones set up a practice in Clapton, and then died, and that Dr. Wallis took his surgery, whither some of Dr. Jones's patients came.

THE "EVIL" CLINGS.

"A certain amount of business hung about the house," said the Judge, "on the principle that the evil which men do lives after them."

The final judicial bon mot of the afternoon took the form that the Greeks were so fond of. It was a joke "para prosdokion," or a "surprise."

If Miss Ross, the lady doctor, had been explaining that she could not introduce all the surgery patients to Dr. Ponder, and the cross-examining counsel had wondered why not.

"I shall have to tell the jury," said the Judge gravely, "that Miss Ross might have given the addresses of patients to Dr. Ponder, and that, if she had not the addresses, she might have given their names, and that—here the Judge's tones became sterner than ever—she might have given a supper party and invited all the patients to meet Dr. Ponder." (Aristophanic laughter.)

After some discussion about an unnamed gentleman who paid Dr. Wallis five-shilling fees, and was referred to by counsel as his "ewe lamb," the case was again adjourned.

RUNAWAY STEAM ROLLER

Makes a Terrifying Swoop Down Kingston Hill.

Kingston-on-Thames was yesterday afternoon the scene of a most successful non-stop run by a 10-ton steam-roller.

The performance was the quickest thing that has occurred in Kingston for years, and the inhabitants of the "Sleepy Hollow" are still discussing with amazement the fact that anything could move so fast.

The run was entirely an impromptu affair.

It occurred just about the time that the *Mirror* motor-car started on its 2,000-mile non-stop run from Carmelite-street. The steam-roller, which has the "Sleepy Hollow" name on its side, suddenly stopped close to the summit. Then, without any visible inducement, it began to move backwards, and was soon careering at full speed down the hill.

Everything went well until the foot of the hill was nearly reached, when the steam-roller suddenly swerved and ran full tilt into the front gardens of some houses, smashing fences and uprooting a telegraph pole. There was no personal injury.

PREFERRED DEATH TO IDLENESS.

On the body of John Ridley, aged thirty-eight, lately living in Basnett-road, Battersea, who committed suicide by taking chloralene, was found the following note addressed to his brother:—

Dear Jim,—Give my last love to everybody. I cannot stand this—no work—any longer. Everyone forgives me the trouble I have caused them, but I cannot help it. So good-bye.

On an envelope the deceased had written:—

"Come at once, I am going mad I think."

A Battersea coroner's jury yesterday returned a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity.

The Earl of Cork and Orrery died yesterday at his residence, Charles-street, Berkeley-square, aged seventy-five. From 1854 until 1856, when he succeeded to the title, he sat in the Liberal interest in the House of Commons for Frome. He is succeeded by his eldest son, Viscount Dungarvan.

BABEL IN BABYLON.

London Invaded by 6,000 Queer Salvation Soldiers.

The invasion of London is a reality. A great foreign army has landed on our shores unopposed, and entered the metropolis. Soldiers from all the world over, with commanding officers, bands, colours, and all, are to-day swarming over the streets of London, commanding the omnibuses, blocking up the pavements, and making the blasé Londoner stare with their babel of tongues and strange costumes.

The Salvation Army International Congress has attracted over 6,000 foreign delegates to the headquarters of the world-wide organisation, and yesterday about 5,999 of this number were engaged in seeing as much of London and the work of the Salvation Army here as time would allow.

Negro bandsmen from the West Indies, with Salvation lassies with dusky skins and shining teeth, went off to see the Houses of Parliament. The coloured Salvation girls were without the regulation "poke" bonnet so familiar to Londoners; they wore neat straw hats, with white ribbons, bearing "S" in red.

"Exercito di Salvação."

A *Mirror* man stopped a party of South Americans from Buenos Aires, with caps stamped "Exercito di Salvação," and asked them their idea of London. "Splendid," they declared, "but we can't stop, we are off to the Strand to see our new hall." The Japs and Canadians, who are in London for the Congress were inspecting the Army's shelters for the homeless at Deptford.

At every turn Salvationists were met, all hot, tired, and enthusiastic. Norwegians of the "Frelsesarmeen," Frenchmen of the "Armée de Salut," Germans of the "Heilsarmee"—all were there, with their "Gospel of the Blessing." Red Indians from Port Simpson, in the Klondyke, walked up Chancery with corporals and brigadiers from Java and Mexico, creating quite a sensation among the hurrying luncheon crowds.

Canada sent a fine contingent of over 200, the men well set-up and bronzed, wearing brown felt cowboy hats. The Indian representatives had cool white toyed helmets, which Londoners, toiling through yesterday's heat, regarded with envy.

From the Midnight Sun.

A *Mirror* representative addressed himself to a Norwegian delegate, in spick and span black uniform. He had been working in the most northern division of the army—at Tromsø—among the Norwegian fishermen.

"It's hard work," he said, "as there are no railways, and we have to travel about among the settlements in open boats. We have the 'midnight sun' at Tromsø, and for two months in the year we have to cover up the windows and doors with blankets when we want to sleep, owing to the intense brightness of the sky."

The Canadian delegates include one of the Salvation Army Klondyke pioneers. He was one of the little party of eight, six men and two women, who, in 1898, went on foot from Toronto to Dawson City to open up a fresh field of labour in the land of gold.

From Farthest North.

The delegate gave the *Mirror* representative an account of the terrible hardships of the journey. "We took three months' provisions and two portable boats with us on our backs," he said, "and in this way we went all through Alaska, across the Yukon, and through the Chukotka Pass. Our labours were not finished when we got to Dawson City. We had to build our house and our meeting-hall with our own hands. We brought the logs along by water, and ran up a hall of 20ft. by 50ft."

It was a rough place in those days, Dawson City, and contained no hotel. The lawlessness and vice usually ascribed to the townships that sprang up in the days of the Australian gold rush.

KILLED HIS FRIEND.

Charles Barowitz, on May 27, picked a quarrel in the Prince Regent public-house, St. George's-in-the-East, with his friend, Emil Kollnor, a German baker, and knocked his hat off.

There was a fight; the landlord turned the men out, and the dispute was resumed outside. Barowitz, the stronger man, knocked down Kollnor, and during the struggle that followed Kollnor used a knife, which penetrated his former friend's temple for three inches, the blade breaking off in the wound. Barowitz died from the injuries.

Yesterday an Old Bailey jury found Kollnor guilty of "Manslaughter—under great provocation." Mr. Justice Grantham said that in view of Kollnor's previous good character and the jury's recommendation he would pass an unusually light sentence—eighteen months with hard labour.

After ten days' seclusion in the Newry chimney stack, James Gill still defies the police. He is slowly completing his contract of demolishing his citadel, but it will be from a fortnight to three weeks before he will be within reach of the arm of the law.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

THE CITY.

Preston North End Football Club is stated in yesterday's annual report to have made £320 profit last season.

On July 1 telephonic communication will be opened between Manchester and the chief exchange at Brussels. The charge is 8s. for a period of three minutes.

It is illegal for a publican to sell beer outside his public-house. James Ayres, of the Green Man, Whetstone, was fined £10 yesterday for selling ale in a field adjoining his premises.

Alfred Berridge, a Battersea house decorator, tripped on a tin-tack, fell, and broke his leg. He died from his injuries, and yesterday a coroner's jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death.

EXPENSIVE SHOUTING.

George White and John Green, street news-vendors, were each fined 9s. at Croydon yesterday for persistently howling out "All the winners" and "Latest war news" to the annoyance of the residents of High-street.

The mayor reminded defendants that the full penalty of £3 might be imposed.

SUICIDE BY GAS.

William Standerwick, a Manchester butcher, was found by his wife sitting unconscious on a chair in the scullery. The gas had been turned on, and a tube attached to the bracket hung near Standerwick's head. His wife surmised that he had had one end in his mouth.

He died shortly afterwards, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of Suicide while insane.

CRAWLING AS A CURE.

German medical men are advocating the employment of a new remedy for appendicitis, says "Good Health," which, it is claimed, will in the great majority of cases render unnecessary the use of the knife.

The patient is simply made to crawl on all fours twenty minutes four times daily.

DO THAMES STEAMERS RACE?

Sir Harry Samuel, M.P., will to-day ask the President of the Board of Trade "if he is aware that the captains of pleasure steamers plying from the Thames to seaside resorts on the east and south coasts frequently race their boats against each other causing great risk to life; and, if so, if he will take steps to put a stop to this dangerous practice."

FORT FOR SALE.

The War Office are now advertising the buildings and land on the Flat Holm, a rock in the Bristol Channel, for sale.

This fort is being abandoned because the authorities think that the new forts lower down the Channel, which are armed with up-to-date guns, now provide all the defence necessary.

KILLED BY A SCRATCH.

William Starkey, when swimming in the Birmingham baths, came into contact with another swimmer, whose toe-nail inflicted a slight scratch upon his ankle.

The injury appeared trivial, and no notice was taken of it at the time, but a week ago Starkey's leg became swollen and inflamed, and he was removed to the Queen's Hospital.

He was found to be suffering from acute blood-poisoning, due to the scratch, from the effects of which he has died.

RED HAIR NOW FASHIONABLE.

Fashion changes even in the colour of a woman's hair. Twenty years ago hair with a reddish tinge was called "carrots"; now Titian-coloured locks are reckoned a definite beauty (says a writer in "M.A.P."), and are possessed by several of the most popular women in London.

Besides Lady Anglesey, there may be mentioned Lady Mary Sackville, Mrs. George Hill-Trevor, Mrs. Clayton-Glyn, Miss Rube, whose engagement was recently announced, and Lady Emily Stanhope.

DRINK HER RUIN.

Walter Fittingham, walking along the Thames Embankment, heard a police whistle blown, and looking round saw a woman struggling in the river.

He ran down the Temple steps, swam out, and with the aid of a lifebuoy thrown to him managed to rescue her. At Bow-street yesterday Lily Ward, a respectably dressed woman, was charged with attempting suicide. She was said to be well educated, and a splendid musician, who could earn a good living. But all her friends and relatives had tried to help her in vain, as she was hopelessly addicted to drink.

Prisoner was remanded for the state of her mind to be inquired into, and her rescuer's gallant conduct was warmly commended.

The Archbishop of Westminster has become a total abstainer.

Ada Pearson, a housemaid, of Matlock Bath, died yesterday from burns sustained through dropping a lighted match, which set fire to her clothing.

Mr. T. Lawrence, station-master at the Hitchin Junction Station, was crossing the line yesterday when he was knocked down by a light engine and killed.

Twenty-four Lancashire collieries, employing 18,000 hands, will be closed from next Friday to Monday. There is said to be less demand for coal now than in any year since 1897.

For saying that Frederick Humphrey, a game-keeper, was "a consummate blackguard and not to be trusted," Mr. J. N. Maskeyne was condemned in £75 damages at the Berks Assizes.

The War Office has issued a notice reminding general officers and colonels on the staff that the sword-belt is to be worn under the tunic and not over, as several officers committed this mistake at the last levee.

£25,196 FOR THE EXCHEQUER.

The inventory of the estate of Mrs. Margaret Campbell Clark, of Paisley, widow of Peter Kerr, thread manufacturer, shows that the net value on which duty was paid amounted to £538,813. The duty paid was £25,196.

FOR PUNCHING HIS BABY.

For brutally punching, pinching, and squeezing his year-old son, while his wife was out, Henry George Dicks, of Brocklebank-road, Wandsworth, was sent for three months' hard labour at the South-Western Court yesterday.

Doctors declared that the little body was covered with bruises and pinch-marks.

SWALLOWED HER MATPIN.

When seeing a fellow-servant off at Selby Park, near Birmingham, Sophia F. Glazebrook, twenty-seven, of Salisbury, accidentally swallowed a hat-pin.

An operation was performed at the Queen's Hospital, but the young woman died shortly afterwards.

ARTFUL AS THE MAGISTRATE.

An elderly woman who yesterday complained to the Southwark magistrate that a man had forced her door open with a crowbar convulsed the Court by saying:—
"He is a very artful man, your Worship. He is as artful as you are."

The much-amused magistrate promised to send an officer round to warn the artful one.

DIED FROM A BROKEN HEART.

"Death from a broken heart is considered an impossibility," said Coroner Wyatt yesterday, "but it is a very common occurrence."

The broken hearts he referred to were not, however, caused by sorrow, but by some physical strain. His remark was occasioned by the fact that a brewer's labourer had died from a ruptured heart. The jury returned a verdict at the inquest accordingly.

MAN OF MANY WIVES.

When Alexander Parsons, who was educated for holy orders, was charged with bigamy at London, Staffs, yesterday it was alleged that he had:—

Married a Miss Beer at Kilburn in 1884 and deserted her in 1892, leaving her nothing but a hatchkey and one shilling;

Been sent to a church training college, but left through intemperance;

Married a Miss Peaty at Poplar while his first wife was alive;

Stolen a horse and cart; and

Married a Miss Aston at Longton when he was released from gaol for theft.

He was committed for trial at the Stafford Assizes.

At a meeting of the Whitechapel Guardians it was stated that during the past week not a single penny had been disbursed in outdoor relief.

While playing lawn tennis in apparently the best of health, Mr. Joseph Warner, a well-known pottery manufacturer, fell dead yesterday in Longton, Staffs.

Prince and Princess Christian have graciously expressed their intention of being present at the Living Bible Fête to be held at Hengler's Circus, Argyl-street, on Monday evening next.

The City coroner declines to accept substitutes for business men summoned as jurors. "If I commenced it," he said yesterday, "every business man would send his clerk to represent him."

RUNAWAY COAL TRUCKS.

A coal train was making a descent at Briton Ferry, near Neath, yesterday, when the waggon ran away at a terrific speed.

A pointsman at the foot of the hill promptly turned the trucks into a field, where they were overturned and smashed. Happily no one was hurt.

TACT BETTER THAN LOVE.

At the annual dinner of the Women Writers, Miss Beatrice Harraden, who was in the chair, said it was not love that made the world go round.

It was tact, for even love, the most precious gift life had to offer, must be handled with infinite tact if it was to survive the ups and downs of life and of temperament.

GAMBLER'S DEATH.

John Kemp, a warehouseman, of Hackney-road, received his wages on Friday evening, and paid his landlady 12s. on Saturday.

On Monday morning his body was found in the River Lea, there being only 3d. and a betting-book and a sporting paper in his pocket.

The jury yesterday returned a verdict of Found Drowned.

TITLED LADY WANTS LODGERS.

The following advertisement is from the columns of a London contemporary:—

A LADY of Title is desirous of Receiving Two Paying Guests in her home in London; reference required.—Address, etc.

What an opportunity for those anxious to cultivate acquaintance with an aristocrat.

FRIED FISH CAUSES ENTERIC.

Dr. Murphy, medical officer of health for the County of London, in a report issued yesterday, says that investigation has made it clear that the localised prevalence of enteric fever in Southwark was in all probability due to the consumption of fried fish.

KENSITONS MOBBED.

The visit of Wycliffe preachers has led to disorderly scenes in Nuncheon. Thousands of people assembled in the market square and mobbed the preachers. A force of police, who formed a cordon round them, had their helmets scattered in all directions, and were badly mauled.

The visitors were taken to the police-station by a circuitous route, and remained there for protection, large crowds thronging round the building until the small hours of the morning.

BAD JUDGES OF LUNATICS.

"I remember that on one occasion a committee secured the release of a female lunatic that they thought had recovered her sanity, and three days later she was chasing her next door neighbour round the garden with a spade."

This story was told by Mr. Bailward at the meeting of the Bethnal Green Board of Guardians. He was objecting to a proposal that a committee from the Board should visit the parish asylum, as he did not think laymen were good judges of the mental state of asylum inmates.

Kaffirs May Rebound After Many Hard Knocks.

On the whole markets were not in an unpleasant mood yesterday. Paris seemed more cheerful, and there was even a rally in Kaffirs, after the long period of depression. To-day will see the mining settlement taken in hand, and the expiry of the June options. Perhaps that is why the market is picked up. "Westralian awful." Attack Kaffirs and they rebound. Attack Westralians, and it is like puncturing a tyre. Everybody is afraid of a Westralian "bear," for he usually knows too much. When he sells the market takes fright, so Perseverances tumbled yesterday to 12s. 6d., and the whole section looked sick. Messrs. Bewick, Moring's Perseverance report yesterday was much factious. West Africans, subsidised in a ladylike fashion, without any commotion.

Consols have the slight money squeeze towards the end of June to think about. They are thus lower, though everybody hopes for better times next month. The new water stock has been much in favour, and touched 94 at one time, and the coming utilisation of the L.C.C. sinking fund helped L.C.C. stock.

Home Rails also sub-sided gently, but just at the finish there was quite a spasm of excitement, with prices rising again. It was the natural result of the day's good traffic returns. Pessimism in this market looks overdone.

Americans were very steady, the result of better talk about the crop news. For exactly the same reason Canadian Pacific improved, and now the same may be said with them. But not even good traffic could help Argentine Rails, where they are awaiting the issue of the B.A. Pacific capital, which some vainly looked for yesterday. Mexican Rails were not quite so good, merely prostrating.

Paris was putting some of its International favourites better. South Americans were good. Perus were still put better. The size of the "bull" account is depressing Japanese.

Stocks were weak. Gas stocks were good. Water stocks were still better. There was a good tendency also for cotton groups. On Tuesday, however, Paris bought nitrates again. Oil shares still suffered from the recent Russian reports. Duff Developments tumbled to 20s. offered.

The Stock Exchange is not taking kindly to the new Stock Conversion and Investment Trust debentures, with the curious result of conversion into North-Eastern stock. The complaint is that the Stock Conversion Trust thinks too much of cutting a shilling in half and calling it worth thirteen pence. The market says that it can see no particular attraction in the suggested ultimate splitting scheme. The prospectus is an elaborate eulogy of North-Eastern stock, and the market comment is that if the prospects are really so good it is better to buy the North-Eastern stock straight away and waiting to do the security of conversion.

The option period promises to be no more, in various stocks, than the nominal amount of the debentures. It is this quite good enough for four per cent. debenture securities?

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

* * * The "Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the last quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:

Consols 2 1/2 p. 90 1/2	To Account .. 90 1/2	Pacific .. 115 1/2	116 1/2
India 3 p. 95 1/2	Do .. 95 1/2	Western .. 125 1/2	126 1/2
India 2 p. 95 1/2	Do .. 95 1/2	Mexican First .. 82 1/2	83 1/2
London C.C. 3 p. 95 1/2	Do .. 95 1/2	Do. Ord. 18 1/2	19 1/2
Port. Loan .. 95 1/2	Do .. 95 1/2	Gas .. 185 1/2	186 1/2
Transvaal Loan .. 95 1/2	Do .. 95 1/2	Do Def. 82 1/2	83 1/2
Argentine 1886 .. 102 1/2	103 1/2	Canadian Pacific .. 126 1/2	127 1/2
Do Fund'g .. 102 1/2	103 1/2	Chalmers .. 102 1/2	103 1/2
Brazilian 4 p. 1888 .. 77 1/2	78 1/2	Do 1st Pref. 102 1/2	103 1/2
Do W. Min. 77 1/2	78 1/2	Do 2nd .. 86 1/2	87 1/2
Chili 1886 .. 80 1/2	81 1/2	Do 3rd .. 86 1/2	87 1/2
Chinese 5 p. 1890 .. 99 1/2	100 1/2	Nitrates Ord. 71 1/2	72 1/2
Egyptian Unif. 104 1/2	105 1/2	Aerated Bread .. 83 1/2	84 1/2
Italian .. 102 1/2	103 1/2	Allopp Ord. 34 1/2	35 1/2
Japan 4 p. 1896 .. 87 1/2	88 1/2	Do .. 34 1/2	35 1/2
Do 4 p. 87 1/2	88 1/2	Coats .. 90 1/2	91 1/2
Per. Debts .. 92 1/2	93 1/2	Gas Light Ord. 92 1/2	93 1/2
Do Pref. 92 1/2	93 1/2	Hudson Bay .. 391 1/2	392 1/2
Portuguese .. 92 1/2	93 1/2	Ln. Gen. Ord. 110 1/2	111 1/2
Russian 4 p. 1880 .. 92 1/2	93 1/2	Do .. 110 1/2	111 1/2
Spanish 4 p. (5d) .. 80 1/2	81 1/2	L.S. 1 D. Df. Ord. 70 1/2	71 1/2
Turkish 4 p. Ord. 82 1/2	83 1/2	Do .. 70 1/2	71 1/2
Uruguay 3 p. 56 1/2	57 1/2	Sweetwater .. 201 1/2	202 1/2
Brighton Def. 121 1/2	122 1/2	Sweetwater .. 201 1/2	202 1/2
Calcutta Def. 29 1/2	30 1/2	Vickers, Maxim .. 134 1/2	135 1/2
Central London .. 92 1/2	93 1/2	Welsbach Ord. 3 1/2	4 1/2
Chatham Ord. 105 1/2	106 1/2	Anglo-French .. 32 1/2	33 1/2
Do Pref. 105 1/2	106 1/2	Do .. 32 1/2	33 1/2
Do 2nd Pref. 61 1/2	62 1/2	Assoc. G. M. 21 1/2	22 1/2
Great Eastern .. 90 1/2	91 1/2	Barnato Cons. 25 1/2	26 1/2
Gr. Northern Ord. 401 1/2	402 1/2	Do .. 25 1/2	26 1/2
Great Central .. 145 1/2	146 1/2	Chartered C. 13 1/2	14 1/2
Great Western .. 142 1/2	143 1/2	City & Sub. 66 1/2	67 1/2
Metropolitan .. 90 1/2	91 1/2	Do .. 66 1/2	67 1/2
District .. 38 1/2	39 1/2	Crown Ref. 141 1/2	142 1/2
Midland Pref. 69 1/2	70 1/2	De Beers Def. 10 1/2	11 1/2
Do Def. 68 1/2	69 1/2	Do .. 10 1/2	11 1/2
North British Def. 44 1/2	45 1/2	E. Rand. M. Est. 4 1/2	5 1/2
North Eastern .. 139 1/2	140 1/2	Gold .. 6 1/2	7 1/2
North Western .. 121 1/2	122 1/2	Gold Coast Am. 2 1/2	3 1/2
South Eastern Def. 58 1/2	59 1/2	Goldf. Horsehoe .. 2 1/2	3 1/2
South West. Def. 55 1/2	56 1/2	Gr. Bid. Per. New 120 1/2	121 1/2
Do Ord. 162 1/2	163 1/2	Do Prop. 27 1/2	28 1/2
Atchison .. 74 1/2	75 1/2	Do Fingal .. 7 1/2	8 1/2
Baltimore .. 82 1/2	83 1/2	Ivanhoe .. 7 1/2	8 1/2
Chesapeake .. 31 1/2	32 1/2	John. Con. In. 24 1/2	25 1/2
Chi. Mil. & S. Pl. 147 1/2	148 1/2	Knights .. 13 1/2	14 1/2
Denver .. 21 1/2	22 1/2	Lake View Cons. 13 1/2	14 1/2
Erie Shares .. 21 1/2	22 1/2	Mary Consolidated .. 34 1/2	35 1/2
Do Pref. 50 1/2	51 1/2	Meyer & Chas. 9 1/2	10 1/2
Illinois Cent. .. 134 1/2	135 1/2	Moldenfort Cons. 9 1/2	10 1/2
L'ville and N'ville 112 1/2	113 1/2	Myers Cons. 6 1/2	7 1/2
Missouri .. 17 1/2	18 1/2	Nile Valley .. 12 1/2	13 1/2
Ontario .. 26 1/2	27 1/2	N. Copper .. 21 1/2	22 1/2
Norfolk Cons. 57 1/2	58 1/2	Nunehybrook .. 143 1/2	144 1/2
Pennsylvania .. 69 1/2	70 1/2	Orkney .. 12 1/2	13 1/2
Reading .. 61 1/2	62 1/2	Oroya B'hamills .. 30 1/2	31 1/2
Southern Ord. 21 1/2	22 1/2	Prinsloo (New) .. 34 1/2	35 1/2
Southern Pacific .. 46 1/2	47 1/2	Randall .. 12 1/2	13 1/2
Union Pacific .. 12 1/2	13 1/2	Rio Tinto .. 62 1/2	63 1/2
U.S. Steel Ord. 96 1/2	97 1/2	Rand Mines .. 100 1/2	101 1/2
Do Pref. 57 1/2	58 1/2	Sons Gwalia .. 12 1/2	13 1/2
Wabash Pref. 27 1/2	28 1/2	Trans. Devel. 10 1/2	11 1/2
		Waltham .. 5 1/2	6 1/2
		Wasson .. 13 1/2	14 1/2
		Welgedacht .. 7 1/2	8 1/2
		Zambesi Explor. 7 1/2	8 1/2

* Ex div.

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TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:-

45 AND 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONE: 1906 Gerrard.

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.

PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Tailbout.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The *Daily Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of 1d. a day (which includes postage), payable in advance, or it is sent for one month on receipt of 2s. 6d.; for three months, 6s. 6d.; for six months, 12s.; or for a year, 24s.

To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 9s. 9d.; for six months, 19s. 6d.; for twelve months, 38s.; payable in advance.

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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1904.

ANOTHER TASK FOR THE KING.

The problem of the London hospitals ought to have been taken in hand long ago. It is manifestly absurd that they should all be run independently of one another and as rival claimants to public generosity. They ought all to work together, and to be controlled by one body.

If they were so controlled now, we should not have St. George's Hospital adding an appeal for £340,000 to the persistent clamour of all the other institutions which, like the daughters of the horse-leech, cry perpetually "Give, give."

We should not have it put forward as an argument against selling the site at Hyde Park Corner and rebuilding elsewhere that "if the hospital were put down in a cheap locality, such as Clapham or Fulham, it would not attract the same attention as it does now."

The real reason for the refusal to adopt the removal idea is that the Medical School attached to the hospital prefers Hyde Park Corner to a suburb. But what do the public subscribe for—to heal the sick or to educate medical students?

For the former purpose, of course; and if the public only knew how much was spent on the schools, and to what extent they rule the hospitals, many purses that are now constantly opened would be shut at once.

If there is more need for a hospital further away from the centre of London, and there seems to be very little doubt about that being the case—St. George's ought to move, whatever the Medical School says. It would not then have to appeal for the £340,000, for with the price of its present site it could equip itself magnificently upon a new one; and yet it would increase its usefulness to the suffering poor.

Hospitals are wanted badly in the suburbs where the poor live. To suppose that Grosvenor-place and Eaton-square would go without medical attendance if St. George's were to leave is ridiculous. There would be quite enough hospitals in Central London without this one. For every reason, so far as we can see, it ought to go.

But so long as each hospital is run as if it were the only one, so long will there be cases like this. The only remedy would be for King Edward to add to his Hospital Fund a Hospital Board and introduce harmony and common sense where at present reigns Irrational Muddle.

Is interest in agriculture so nearly dead that no one cares any longer about fat cattle and patent ploughs? The utter failure of the Royal Agricultural Society to get people to go to its shows rather suggests this. Perhaps, though, they are held at the wrong time of year. How can one look at prize beasts with the sun blazing overhead as it blazed yesterday? Let the society try a winter show and see how that succeeds.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

"Ask yourself a straight question." Do you think your vicar is doing more good in the world than Miss Marie Corelli?—*Anon.*

A MAN OF STEEL AND STEAM.



Mr. Roosevelt, being assured of the Republican nomination, is now looked upon as almost certain for re-election to the Presidency of the United States.

A MAN OF THE HOUR.

Sir Charles Eliot.

What caused his resignation of the Commissioner-ship of British East Africa we shall hear in time. At present, he says one thing and the Foreign Office another. Those who know him know quite well whom they believe.

He is one of our ablest diplomatists, and a very useful man to rule over African natives. He is as much at home in deserts as in palaces, and makes himself liked equally well in both.

When he was "lying abroad for the benefit of his country" in St. Petersburg, he was on the best of terms with the officials, even with M. Pobiedonostzeff, the tyrannical old bigot who regards Democracy as a passing madness and Despotism, plus the knot, as a method of rule sent straight from Heaven.

Yet he made numbers of friends among the oppressed Finns, and got so fond of their language that in his spare moments (diplomats have more of them than most people) he compiled and published a Finnish grammar.

He is only forty, and he is not married, so he can afford the luxury of a little independence.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

What Is the "Canadian Flag"?

This question arises out of the fuss now being made in Canada because a British Consul in Brazil refused to recognise the Canadian flag and made the master of a merchant vessel hoist the British Red Ensign (red flag with the Union Jack in the top left-hand corner).

The Canadian flag is the Blue Ensign for war vessels and the Red Ensign for merchant ships, with the Dominion coat-of-arms and the maple-leaf inserted into it.

Other Colonies have similar flags bearing their own seals or badges, but they are not much used except in home waters.

It is hoped that some day all the component parts of the Empire will agree to use the same flag.

KING EDWARD AND THE KAISER.

WHAT THE GERMAN PAPERS SAY.

No cause of antipathy whatever exists between Great Britain and Germany.—"National Zeitung."

In Kiel will words of good will be spoken, but in Germany they will find no glad echo.—"Tagliche Rundschau."

High politics are certain to be discussed at Kiel, and not merely yachting.—"Tagblatt."

King Edward's visit is of a purely family and friendly nature and has no political significance.—"Post."

It is to Germany's interest that she should be on friendly terms with Great Britain.—"Lokalanzeiger."

However cordial the relations between the two Sovereigns may be, nothing can change the relations of Great Britain and Germany as commercial rivals.—"Rheinisch Westphalian Zeitung."

King Edward VII. knows no greater ambition than to be Prince of Peace and work for peace. If one judges the King otherwise than in the light of a peacemaker, one is bound to form wrong political conclusions.—"Tagblatt."

It would be good to forget the unpleasantness of the past, and to recollect that Bismarck coveted the friendship of England more important than the whole future of Egypt.—"National."

Passenger, to omnibus-driver in the Strand: Do you stop at the Cecil?

Omnibus-driver: Do I stop at the Cecil, on twenty-eight bob a week!—"Punch," London.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

"Ay, laddie, laddie, ye've a stiff brae before ye." That was what a kind-hearted, motherly old Scots peasant said once to little Prince Edward of Wales, who is ten years old to-day. And so he has a "stiff brae before him," for some day, if events follow their natural course, he will be King of England, which is not a job that anyone need pine for.

He is a humorous boy, as well as a manly little chap, anxious to do the right thing always and to tread in his grandfather's footsteps. Once he and his brothers were told a long story by rather an old bore. At the end of it he turned round to the younger boys and said, "Smile!" Another time he was watching a painter put in a goat. He is rather a connoisseur of goats, and at last he felt impelled to point out some of the picture's faults.

As he did so he accidentally smudged the canvas with his too-impulsive finger. "Oh, I say, I'm so sorry," he cried, and then, still anxious to keep his end up, "but, you know, it really wasn't a bit like a goat." Before long he is to enter the Royal Naval College at Osborne, where he will be quite at home, for Queen Victoria loved to have her great-grandchildren with her in her Isle of Wight home. He is very keen on the sea, and will be an ornament to the Navy if he is not spoilt in the meantime.

Lord Newton, who is to stir up the Lords to-day on the subject of conscription, is a believer in the Swiss plan of citizen-soldiering, and will probably say so with emphasis. His habit of speaking out his mind made "Tommy" Leigh, as he used to be called before he succeeded to his title, the most unpopular man in the House of Commons.

When he was captured by brigands in Turkey one of his fellow M.P.s said spitefully: "When they've kept him two days, they'll pay to get rid of him." All the same, he is a very intelligent fellow, with a mind far above the ordinary fare of Lords level. He has a nice-looking wife, who makes amateur theatricals the serious business of her life, but has found time to bring up a family of five of the pleasantest children you could wish to meet.

If Mr. Beerbohm Tree means to play Caliban in "The Tempest" after Mr. F. R. Benson's fashion he had better begin a course of severe gymnastic lessons at once. Mr. Benson used to do the most extraordinary athletic exercises. He would swing about from branches by one hand, leap across the stage at one bound, and grovel about on his hands and knees with astonishing energy even for an old running Blue. Mr. Tree is so conscientious that he is probably in Mr. Sandow's hands already.

The Bond-street fortune-tellers are much perturbed already by the "Daily Mail's" exposure of them, and they will be a good deal more perturbed before the series of articles ends. This year it is not so much hand-reading or face-reading or crystal-gazing that is in fashion. The popular imbecility of the hour is astrology. "Having your horoscope drawn" is now quite a common diversion among credulous people who have more money than brains.

Two of the brothers Lyttelton are very much alike, but their views on the Licensing Bill could not be further apart! The Hon. Alfred, the Colonial Secretary, is its champion in the House and outside it. The Rev. the Hon. Edward, headmaster of Haileybury, has just signed a petition against it, along with Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Victor Horsley, and Mrs. Humphry Ward. He is a great enthusiast for temperance, this vigorous headmaster, and for many other things, rational education and cricket among them.

He took to schoolmastering as if he had been born to do it, and the children were known to admit himself stumped over any question of management or discipline except when one of the matrons at Haileybury told him she saw ghosts, and asked him if he would kindly tell her what to do. She got not merely advice, but instructions, and her place knew her no more. Another time, by the way, when he was at school, he was with his small children complained that their French nurse "talked wubbish." "It isn't English," they said, "so you see, papa, it must be wubbish."

Sir Edward Poynter has been moved to mild sarcasm by the jokes on the Royal Academy. He will soon be afraid, he says, to express an opinion on art at all. His opinions are certainly worth more than his pictures, but, even so, they are not infallible. As president of the R.A., Sir Edward has not been a success. No one, indeed, ever thought he would be, for he has any other but a strong personality and no authority at all. Sir William Richmond was the only man who could have followed Leighton with anything like acceptance.

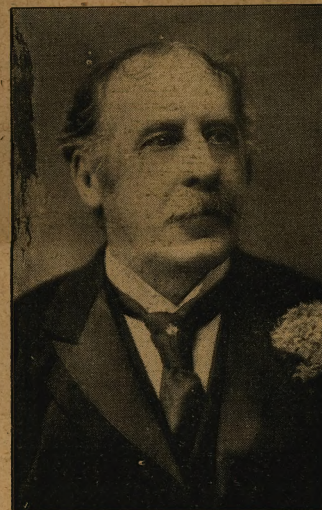
When "The Cherry Girl" at the Vaudeville comes off to make room for Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Warp and Woof" on Monday, Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss will take the holiday they have been wanting badly for some time. The constant strain upon Mr. Hicks of inventing new "gags" is very wearing. Have you heard his latest? In the course of the piece his wife has to address him several times as "Seymour." The other night he stopped suddenly at this and said gravely, "If you call me by my Christian name again, I shall let my misis know!" Huge delight of Mrs. Hicks and the audience.

WHERE KING EDWARD, THE PEACEMAKER, WILL MEET THE KAISER.



The reception-room on board the royal yacht, the Victoria and Albert, where the King will meet the German Emperor. The Victoria and Albert arrived at Sheerness yesterday, and took in her coal. The King leaves Charing Cross this evening and embarks at Port Victoria.—(Photograph by Cribb, Southsea.)

GREAT MATINEE TO-DAY FOR
'MR. CLEMENT SCOTT.



Mr. Clement Scott, the celebrated theatrical critic, for whose benefit a magnificent matinee takes place to-day at His Majesty's Theatre.—(Photograph by Ellis and Walery.)

PREPARATIONS FOR THE KING'S JOURNEY.



Cleaning up the wonderfully decorated steering gear on board the Victoria and Albert in readiness for the King's trip to Kiel. The vessel has been specially prepared, and looks truly magnificent.—(Photograph by Cribb, Southsea.)

THE COSSACKS WHO TRIED TO RELIEVE PORT ARTHUR.



A patrol of Kuban Cossacks in Manchuria. These men, who come from the Caucasus, are considered the boldest and most skilful riders in the Russian Army. The cavalry which formed so large a proportion of the force sent to relieve Port Arthur, and so disastrously failed, was principally composed of these Kuban Cossacks.

TO CONVERT THE ESQUIMAUX.



The ss. Harmony, which starts to-morrow for a missionary trip among the Esquimaux. To-night there is a farewell gathering on board.

CATTLE CHAMPIONS AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SH



The King's champion Southdown ram. His Majesty also won the first, second, and third prizes in this class.



Judging the Hereford bulls. The King's Fire King Mr. P. Coate's Holmer is second. Next to Shorthorn are considered the most typical English breed.

LONDON'S FIRST ROOF-GARDEN RESTAURANT.



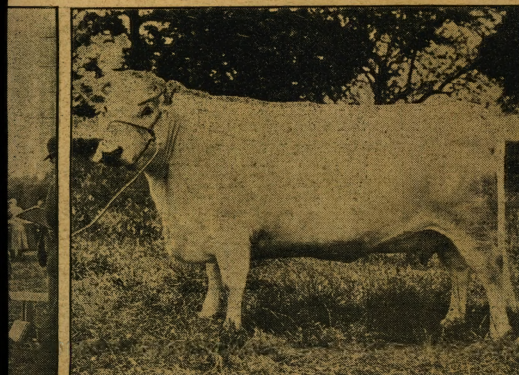
London's first roof-garden, ninety feet above the pavement, which has been opened on the Tudor Hotel, Oxford-street. There was quite a rush yesterday to lunch and dine in the open air above one of London's busiest thoroughfares.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR.



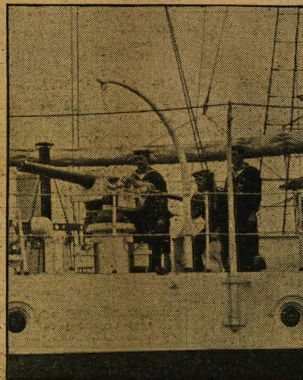
A SCENE IN THE ESQUIMAUX VILLAGE.

AT PARK ROYAL, ACTON.



Mr. J. Deane Willie's White-Heather, first prize and championship for Shorthorn cows. The King won a championship and two prizes for Shorthorns.

THE BUZZARD AT WORK.



The first drill on board the Buzzard, the Naval Volunteer training ship, at Blackfriars.

THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT WIMBLEDON.



Mr. H. S. Mahony, the ex-champion, playing Mr. A. F. Wilding, of Cambridge, in the lawn-tennis championships at Wimbledon. Mr. Wilding, who is in the far court, was beaten after a tough struggle. The finals take place on Saturday.

TO-DAY'S SOCIETY WEDDING.



Lady Isabel Innes-Ker and Mr. Guy Wilson, who are to be married to-day at St. George's, Hanover-square. — (Photographs by Bassano.)



Military experts have bestowed the highest possible praise on the wonderful organisation of the Japanese transport. One of the most striking features is the way in which goods are packed into small compasses. This photograph, taken at Tokio, shows a pile of army stores packed for shipment to the front.—(Stereo-graph copyright by Underwood and Underwood.)

LAST NIGHT'S COURT COUNTRY COSTUMES FOR THE RIVER.

SEASON'S LAST COURT.

A BRIDAL OCCASION, BUT FEW DEBUTANTES.

The vogue black has quickly gained as an evening fabric is not altogether to be attributed to the several periods of Court mourning that have lately prevailed. Like white and lavender, it is one of the season's sartorial triumphs.

Among the many exquisitely beautiful black gowns that were made for last night was Lady Mary Cooke's, which was all of black point de Venise posed upon a background of the softest mousseline de soie and beautifully brightened with panels of jet. The black satin train was draped from the right shoulder and was trimmed with exquisite point d'Angleterre, once more accentuating the fact that upon a single dress two types of lace are often to be found, if not more.

For the Dowager Lady Shrewsbury, who presented her granddaughter, Lady Viola Talbot, was made a very handsome gown of black taffeta mousseline, inset with the finest Chantilly lace. This opened upon a petticoat of thin flounces of the finest net, each edged with point de gaze, and the whole was completed by a beautiful satin train with a design of embroidered lines upon it, each flower raised above its ebony background. A third black dress was also of taffeta mousseline, with a billowing train of chiffon and lace. Certainly no background suits diamonds and pearls like a black one.

Brussels the Queen of Laces.

The queen of laces this summer may justly be said to be Brussels, though there are many others that vie with it for supremacy. A Paquin dress that created a sensation last night was composed almost entirely of Brussels lace appliqué and ivory source-satin, veiled with mousseline de soie and silver tissue. The train of ivory brocade was lined with mauve source-satin and draped with Brussels lace, caught up by mauve orchids and mousseline de soie bows and billows.

Malines lace was worn by Mrs. Montchoie, pulletted in silver and embroidered with little pale yellow chiffon roses tied up in garlands with silver tissue. The train was of ivory satin souple, trimmed with bows and trails of silver tissue and completely lined with chiffon.

Bouquets and New Streamers.

On the whole, it was a white Court, owing to the presence of so many of the brides of the season, who wore their wedding gowns. Of debutantes there were few; the majority were presented at the earlier Courts in order that they might make that great occasion their entrance into society at an early stage of the season.

It was very noticeable that none of the really smart bouquets were tied with ribbon, or had ribbon streamers. Chiffon and tulle have quite taken the place of ribbon in this connection.

VEILED LADIES.

THE EXTRAVAGANCE OF MANY MESHES.

Thick-meshed, heavily-dotted veils are not the proper kind for summer wear. The best general veil is the thin black one, that has on it an occasional black or white dot. Such veils look cool, and there is still another good quality about them apart from their coolness, and that is cleanliness. The heavy veils, with thick, closely-scattered dots, become extremely quickly soiled, and have a most detrimental effect upon the complexion, grinding dust and soot into the pores, until the beauty candidate is in a state of complete despair.

All veils are more or less perishable, and this is not such an unhappy fact as some might imagine. One needs a clean veil just as much as one needs fresh linen; even more so, for the veil comes in direct contact with the face, where the glands are highly sensitive, and where dust is easily and eagerly collected.

Of late we have heard less and less about the effect of veils upon the eyesight, but no matter

whether or not there is anything in the idea, it is best to be on the safe side. Veils with very large dots are more or less vulgar, and are not nearly so ladylike and dainty as the fine meshed ones.

In the shops now you will find veils galore, the daintiest, flimsiest, prettiest things that women have ever worn. The varieties are as numerous as hollyhocks in an old-fashioned garden, and choice is a simple matter. What is better still, veils are gradually becoming less expensive. For which relief much thanks! When the most dainty cost at least half a guinea they are at a prohibitive price for most people, and many are far more, rising to five guineas and over when real lace is wanted.

TO PLEASE A WOMAN.

MEN WHO FORGET ARE HER PET AVERSION.

Some men don't require to be told how to please women. The art comes natural to them, and they understand how to please by intuition. But others, and these are the greater number, must learn in the school of experience.

If you would please a woman you cannot be too careful about little things. It is just the seeming

bungle over it you had far better leave it alone together. Nothing annoys her more than ill-timed flattery and an awkward manner. Gaucherie of all kinds is obnoxious, and if you cannot move about without stepping on somebody's dress or toes, or if you cannot handle a cup and saucer gracefully, or steer your partner successfully through a crowded ballroom, you had better give up the idea of ever being a universal favourite with women. You may excite a woman's admiration by your deeds of prowess in war or sport; she may look up to you with respect and awe for your great learning and attainments; but if you have not mastered the little things of life you will not please her.

A woman likes the sense of being taken care of, and if you look after her little creature comforts you are on the right road to her heart. If she is on a railway journey, see that she does not sit in a draught, and if she seems cold put a wrap round her. Do all these things without asking her whether you should—anticipate her needs, in fact, and she will not fail to appreciate your forethought.

Look As If You Liked It.

But, whatever you do, don't be fidgety. Women are themselves often inclined to worry over things; but this makes no difference to the fact that they dislike and despise these same qualities in men. If you accompany a woman when she is shopping, you must take a great interest in the important process. You must not seem to be in a hurry to get the purchase over, nor must you wear a pre-occupied air; and if you are out with her in the afternoon do remember that she will like a cup of tea about four o'clock, and if you can find a quiet and cool place to have it in she will be the better pleased.

At last—but certainly not least—do not forget that what pleases a woman before marriage will please her still more after marriage. A little penny bunch of flowers, given with a loving embrace, will afford her as much happiness as any gift you can offer. And remember that, because she is your wife, you should treat her with greater courtesy, consideration, and attention than you offer to any other woman.

DOCTOR APPROVES

The Use of Scientific Food.

It is often a difficult problem for a mother to find exactly the food suitable for a child who does not seem to thrive upon the heavy foods ordinarily used by grown-up people.

A lady living in Highfield Park, Rhyf, tells how fully Grape-Nuts met the requirements in the case of her little boy:—

"I am writing to tell you of the great value your Grape-Nuts fully cooked cereal food has been to my little boy of four-and-a-half years of age.

"He has been delicate from birth, having a weak spine. He could never take any one kind of food for long, soon got tired of same, and, being a very small eater, I used to be continually wondering what to give him until twelve months ago, when I heard through a friend about your Grape-Nuts. I straightway got a packet; the little chap liked it at once, but as he was so young I was afraid it would not suit him, so I wrote to a doctor in Manchester who has always advised me with regard to my child, and he wrote back and advised me strongly to give him Grape-Nuts, as it was a splendid food for young and old. My boy will eat Grape-Nuts when he cannot take anything else, and has it for the cereal part of two meals every day. I dare not be without it. He is now a tall and healthy child, looks the very picture of health, thanks to your Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Grape-Nuts, Ltd., 66, Shoe-lane, London, E.C.

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT

Tooth Powder

Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century.

Very convenient for tourists.

PREPARED BY THE EMINENT
AMERICAN DENTIST

J. W. Lyon, D.D.S.

Beauty.

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM, Nature's harmless complexion tonic, immediately removes every blemish, and prevents the skin from becoming shiny when warm. Deliciously perfumed. Cools and cleanses. Bottles or tubes in Seal 3d. stamps for two samples (different scents)—Icilmia (Dept. B), 142, Gray's Inn-rd., London, W.C.



[Specially drawn for the "Daily Mirror" by MISS HOARE.]

The linen and batiste dresses that the river gentry wears are made with definite simplicity of effect, though elaborate care is expended upon them to produce this air of dainty refinement. On the left a pale straw-yellow batiste frock is illustrated, the fronts of which are plaited above the waist in order to show a simulated shirt beneath of azure blue silk, which is matched by the necktie and at the wrists. The other quaint gown is a cream batiste one, trimmed with the now ecclesiastical embroidery in raspberry red. Note the bewitching cottage bonnet.

A COUNTRY RECIPE.

To improve the growth of the hair and prevent it falling out country folk use an infusion made in this way: Take one pound of yellow dock root and boil it in five pints of water until it is reduced to one pint. Strain and add one ounce of pulverised borax, half an ounce of coarse salt, three ounces of sweet oil, a pint of rum and the juice of three large red onions. A quarter of an ounce of oil of lavender and ten grains of ambergris are efficacious in overcoming the scent of the ingredients. Though this is rather a strange mixture, it is said to be an excellent one.

insignificant trifles that mean so much to her. A glance, a single word, a sigh, a movement may repel or charm. A woman may not be able to analyse very deeply or say precisely where the jar comes in, but she is deeply sensitive to the significance of little things. The small attentions and civilities of life please her. A careless or perfunctory bow, a neglect to choose the road side when walking with her, a failure in attention when she speaks, a slighting reference to her sex—all these and a hundred more such details will be observed and keenly resented by her.

A woman likes a compliment if you can convey it neatly and sincerely, but if you are inclined to

BIRD'S
CUSTARD
POWDER

Completely supersedes the use of Eggs in the preparation of High-Class Custard—Greatly increases the popularity of all Sweet Dishes—The unfailing resource of every successful hostess.

Rich in Nutrient—Delicate in Flavour.
NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

CONFESSIONS OF A DOCTOR.

Grim Realities of the Medical Profession Revealed in a Remarkable Book.

A remarkable book, "The Confessions of a Physician," by "V. Veresaceff" (V. Smedovich), translated from the Russian by Simeon Linden, has just been issued for English readers by the publishing firm of Grant Richards.

The book abounds in plain speaking from behind the scenes, so to speak, of the medical profession. In parts the word pictures are necessarily harsh, especially when dealing with the apparent callousness of science in the handling of poor patients, who, as the writer remarks, pay their fees with their bodies.

A very proper question is asked by "V. Veresaceff": "Why should the man in the street remain ignorant of these (medical) questions?" Then he dismisses as an "old, rotten fallacy," the reply that on learning the truth the lay-person may lose his or her confidence in medicine and its exponents—"The stifling of publicity for fear of the truth shaking established authority!"

There is a grim realistic passage about the anatomical theatre which illustrates the ordeal of the newly initiated medical student.

"Many of my comrades took some time to become accustomed to the sight of the anatomical theatre,

filled with mutilated corpses with glassy eyes, grinning teeth, and claw-like fingers; one of them even had to repudiate medicine, and take up another branch of learning; he began to have hallucinations—to his disordered imagination at night his room seemed to fill with corpses, and for every corner bleeding limbs crawled towards his bed.

"For my part I very soon became familiarised with the corpses, and used to sit for hours cross-legged, heart and soul, in their preparation, which laid all the secrets of the human body before me."

Soon after the commencement of his clinical studies, a market gardener with lock-jaw was brought to the senior students' ward.

"We went to look at him. Stiffness reigned in the big room. The sufferer was a thick set and muscular sun-tanned working man of gigantic stature; bathed in sweat, with lips distorted from the hideous agony, with rolling eyes, he lay on his back.

"At the slightest noise—when a tram bell rang in the street below or a door slammed—the sick man began to bend out slowly; the nape of his neck was drawn down, his jaw convulsively locked together, until the teeth cracked audibly, and a

terrible, prolonged convulsion of the dorsal muscles lifted the body from the bed, while a large moist spot of perspiration gradually spread over his pillow away from his head.

"A fortnight ago, while he was at work barefooted amongst his vegetable beds, a splinter entered his big toe; that insignificant particle of wood had been the cause of what I now saw before me."

The Author's Own Experience.

The author himself once imagined he had diabetes.

"I experienced a general lassitude and distaste for work. I lost my appetite, and I constantly suffered from thirst. I lost flesh, too, and every now and then abscesses formed on different parts of my body.

"I went to our professor of therapeutics. Without telling him of my fears I simply detailed my symptoms."

The professor grew tired of the recital, and then said:

"It is very praiseworthy that you should have studied Strumpell so painstakingly; you have not omitted a single symptom. I hope you will be as well up in the subject when the examinations come round. Smoke less, eat more, take more exercise, and leave off thinking of diabetes."

The question often occurred to the mind of "V. Veresaceff": "What would medical science do if all were wealthy? Probably it would find itself in a tight place." It is Mother Want who supplies the instructional cases.

Some vivid pictures are drawn of the horrors of post-mortem examinations and the desperate efforts

of the Russian poor to save their children and relatives from this "desecration of the dead."

Dealing with the "gross and entirely conscious disregard which is due to the human being," the author narrates many examples of his own blunders, when he used to curse the science that left him so blind and helpless.

"A given remedy acts excellently according to the unanimous testimony of the profession, and in a year or two it is thrown overboard."

"What does this mean? Clearly it indicates the need for preserving the health by every safe and natural means."

"A certain young doctor asked the great Sydenham, the 'English Hippocrates,' what books it was necessary to read to become a good physician.

Don Quixote as Teacher.

"Read Don Quixote, my friends," answered Sydenham. "It is a very good book, and I often re-peruse it."

The author of these confessions reflects on this pithy remark of Sydenham's, thus:—

"Medicine has made gigantic strides, it has become in many ways more scientific, but tremendous vistas still exist, in which Cervantes, Shakespeare, and Tolstoi, who have no relationship whatever to medicine, remain the best teachers."

Every page of these "Confessions" is full of interest, as confessions usually are. To medical men the book must possess a real fascination, being no doubt in great part autobiographical of all physicians. To the lay mind some of the reading is too realistic and revolting. That, of course, is not necessarily a fault of the writer's, who, from start to finish, fulfils his resolve to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER

XXI.

The Past Comes Back.

"A gentleman to see you, Miss," Molly Devine, to give the lady her stage name, looked up rather listlessly as the shabby maid-of-all-work ushered a visitor into her small sitting-room. She wondered vaguely who had taken the trouble to seek her out in her dingy Bloomsbury lodgings, but when she caught sight of the man's face her own pulse and she sank back in her chair.

"Paul," she exclaimed, "what brings you here? surely you said all you had to say to me the last time we met?"

"I want you to tell me something," said the man sternly, "and to answer a question of some importance. That mysterious lover of yours, the man whose name or position you would never disclose, how did he finally part from you? I have a serious reason for asking this question."

The woman hesitated a second before she replied, clasping and unclasping her thin white fingers, and when she spoke her voice was almost a whisper. "The morning after you came to Acacia Villa, Paul," she said slowly, "I received a letter from him. He was very much annoyed at the attempt you had made to see him the previous night, and he seemed to blame me for it."

"You were certainly guiltless of desiring my presence at the villa that evening," sneered Paul.

Molly Devine took little notice of the implication, but went on speaking in her soft colourless voice. "He wrote in his letter that now you had discovered my residence at Acacia Villa, the relationship between us must end. Up to that time, Paul, I had believed we were married, for we had gone through the marriage ceremony in an old City church. It appeared, on those inquiries, that there had been some error in the service; I was no wife, only a girl deceived and deluded by a false marriage."

"He did not offer to make good the error; to marry you legally and before the world?" Paul Carew's voice grew sharp with question.

Molly Devine shook her head. "No; he seemed to think that doing so would hurt me. He gave me his reasons for taking advantage of the chance to be free of me, excellent reasons from a worldly point of view; and, to be just, he offered to make a most handsome settlement if I would write and accept certain conditions, one being that I should never see him again. He also informed me that he had sold Acacia Villa and all its contents, and that I was to leave at once, as he was anxious to be free of the whole affair."

"The bound, interrupted Paul Carew, savagely. "The mean, pitiless cur; and yet you screened this man, Margaret, and suffered your own brother to go to prison rather than betray his name to the world."

"I loved him, you see," remarked the woman, calmly; "and women in the past history of the world have done strange things for the sake of the men they love."

"Did you accept his generous terms?" asked Paul Carew, after a second's pause. He spoke very bitterly.

"No, I did not." There was some scorn in Molly Devine's voice. "I left Acacia Villa a few hours after I received that cruel letter, taking nothing with me but a few clothes, yes, even leaving all the jewels behind that he had given me. I had accepted them, thinking myself his wife, and I hated their mere sight now that I knew the truth." The speaker paused, and then turned to Paul almost passionately. "Why do you torture me with all these questions?" she asked in

trembling tones. "What does it matter to you now? The past is over and done with; for God's sake, let it rest in its grave."

"Never," he answered firmly; "it is because of the unforgetting past that I have come here to see you to-day. So your mysterious lover was Robert Chevenix, Margaret? I do not wonder that you both desired to keep the intrigue dark. The rising young statesman and the lady of Acacia Villa. I don't blame you quite so much as I did, for to have saved me what have been to have ruined the man's career, socially and politically. But as for Chevenix—by the eternal, Chevenix suffer."

"You are mistaken," she gasped out, turning white to her lips, "you are on the wrong track all together."

"Am I?" He laughed, and then he proceeded to draw out a small leather pocket-book from the breast of his coat. He opened it carefully and extracted two letters. One, much creased and yellow with age, the other evidently of more recent date. He spread both out on a small table near by. His hands hovering over them distrustfully, as if he feared that his sister might try to secure them. She got up after a moment and advanced to where he stood, her eyes fixed on the scraps of paper.

"Yes, look at them, my dear," the other said, mockingly; "this one," he placed his hand on the yellow faded sheet, "I found years ago in your blotting book at Acacia Villa. You will notice it has no address on it, and is merely an absurd love-letter, signed 'Robert'; now this letter," he pointed to the other, "was written by the Premier of England to Mr. John Heron; compare the two hand-writings, and you will see they are identical. Once given the clue, I discovered the whole story; the man went on, with a cruel smile of triumph."

"Yes, everything became plain; you met Robert Chevenix, Margaret, at the house of the eccentric old Lady Heriot, whose letters you used to type for her. You were always dancing and once and a while she made a fuss over me, and had you often in the drawing-room. She was a great political hostess, and Robert Chevenix was always there, in and out of the house all day long, and he made love to you while the old woman napped—there's the whole story for you, simple enough."

"What do you intend to do?" she interrupted hastily. "Let me hear what your next move is to be."

"My next move?" he sat down on the hard sofa and looked at her through his half-closed lids; "why I intend to call on the Premier, and my dear will accompany me. Put on your hat, my dear, I will see you two unexpected visitors this morning. I trust that the shock will not be too much for him."

Paul Carew spoke in short, broken sentences, evidently thinking out some plan.

"Be it not come with you," the woman glanced at her brother indignantly. "Do you think I have no pride or defence?"

"Do just as you like, my dear Margaret," replied the man easily, "but I warn you things will go very hard with Robert Chevenix if you do not accompany me there this morning."

Molly Devine hesitated, then she glanced up with some defiance.

"You will not even be admitted into the house," she said, in nervous, excited tones. "Why, you must be quite mad to imagine that the Premier would see you. You will only have the door slammed in your face by the footman."

"Be it so," she answered calmly, "then I will proclaim the truth on the doorstep. The police will arrest me, and the whole story will come out in court. A pleasant little episode which you can avert by accompanying me to the house. Well, Margaret, don't you think you had better go with me?"

She paused a second, uncertain what to do, then walked to the door.

"You are very cruel," she cried, "and you know how to turn the screw; yes, I will go with you."

"A wise decision," he smiled with crafty

triumph, pleased to have obtained so easy a victory.

"What is your object?" Molly Devine asked, as she turned the handle. "What do you want to see Robert Chevenix for—blackmail?"

"How prettily you put things," came the mocking answer. "Yes, that's it, my dear sister—I'm going to blackmail the Premier, and you are the man who ruined your life and cursed mine. Yes, I'm going to bring him to his knees and keep him there."

CHAPTER

XXII.

As Impostor.

Paul Carew repeated the threat to himself after his sister had left the room, repeated it with ever-growing satisfaction, yet, somehow, the words seemed vain bluster when he found himself in the presence of Robert Chevenix an hour later.

Contrary to what Molly Devine had imagined, the brother and sister had found no difficulty in seeing the great man. They had driven straight to his private residence, and on arriving there Paul had procured his name on one of his sister's cards, written underneath it, "On urgent private business," and this card he had desired the footman to take at once to the Premier.

Robert Chevenix frowned as he took it up. He disliked all interruption when seated in his study, but his face changed as he read the message and his expression became vague and thoughtful.

"Can this be the woman?" he muttered to himself. "Bob said there was a woman, but for twenty years she has made no claim." Then he turned to the footman, who stood by his side, passive and unconcerned to all seeming.

"What is her name, slowly," and remember I am at home to no other visitors."

The man departed on his errand. He was a discreet, well-trained servant, and he did not allow his surprise to become apparent; yet, after he had closed the study door on the two strange guests, he wondered how the interview was going off, and had induced Robert Chevenix to see such people.

The man could not know that suddenly, and without warning, the Premier was confronted by a danger straight from the unknown. Out of a past in which he had taken no share a pale

in all England realised with sick shame that he was caught in the toils at last.

For Robert Chevenix was not the man he personated. During twenty years he had played the part of a dead man laid down, played it so ingeniously well, enabled by identifying himself so thoroughly with the character that, even in his own thoughts, he was Robert Chevenix, never the man who had usurped the part, the nameless son of unknown parents, the man who had climbed up steadily from the lowest rung of the ladder.

To each his destiny; and destiny, fate or chance had thrown the real Robert Chevenix against an enemy who troubled him so marvellously that it seemed as if they must be close kinsmen, if not brothers. The two men had both been struck with the curious, nay, almost uncanny, resemblance, and had become great friends. They moved in different ranks of life, but that mattered little, and though one had a great career in his grasp, was well endowed with this world's goods, and boasted the bluest blood in England, yet the other man, despite the fact that he earned his bread in a city office, and was a nameless son of parents unknown, had a richness of intellect, a wealth of oratory, a magnificence of bearing that often evoked the other's envy.

The two men began to play into each other's hands, the likeness between them making it easy, and enabling both to lead a double life. Robert Chevenix had suggested, as a jest first of all, that his friend should take his place at some

function one evening, a semi-political affair in the East End, and should have him free to attend to a more personal matter—a matter in which a lady was concerned, and the other man had jumped at the chance. Dressed in Robert Chevenix's clothes, cleverly affecting certain of the other's mannerisms, it seemed almost impossible that the impersonator could be detected, so the experiment had been made, and had proved a triumphant success.

The false Robert Chevenix carried the meeting with him, and made a speech that the other could never have equalled, and he came home to his dingy Bloomsbury lodgings drunk with this first taste of power, and eager enough to play the game again.

"A pity we cannot change places." That was a remark the two men often made to each other, and, after a time, they took a curious pleasure in tricking their two worlds. Robert would endure the routine of the other's office for a day, whilst his friend would hold audiences spellbound, and even venture into big social gatherings, Chevenix having a reputation for being a social success, which served the other well when he failed to recognise the men and women who expected him to come up and talk to them. He even copied Robert Chevenix's peculiar handwriting.

After a time the outsider began to believe that he also might have his turn. So he said, perhaps, dulled by passage through meaner veins, but of the blood, all the same. He knew nothing of his father or his mother, but one or other might have traced some descent, perhaps a tarnished one, from the great Chevenix family. He also saw the marks of the past in his own life, and the odd devotion he felt to the Chevenix fortunes, together with all his enthusiasm and pride over every detail of the family history.

Robert Chevenix rather encouraged the idea, and it seemed, indeed, to have been a temptation for him. He began to call the other a cousin. He talked of the other members of the family as if they were mutual relations, and both spoke with some tenderness of the blood-bond between them, even though it only existed in their fancy.

So things went on till a certain morning, when a morning that the real Chevenix was destined never to forget. He was awakened by the entrance of Robert Chevenix, who came to him with a long story. He had been engaged in an intrigue with a girl he was honestly fond of, and he had been led to compromise himself badly. Now, it appeared that her brother was on his track. He had written to the girl breaking the whole affair off, but he felt he had played the part of a brute to her, yet his career would be ruined if the truth came out. She thought herself married, and had gone through the wedding service, but it so turned out that the church had not been licensed, and so the marriage was declared by one learned in the law, who had been consulted, to be illegal. All this Chevenix poured out eagerly to his friend, and then went to sit in the little room adjacent.

The other man hurried over his dressing, but when he entered the sitting-room he started back with a low cry of dismay. Robert Chevenix lay back in the armchair, his throat cut from ear to ear, his dead fingers clutching a piece of paper, on which he had written in vague, tremulous characters:

"I have no courage to face a big scandal, so take up my part, old friend, and play the game to the end for the sake of the family."

And the man who was henceforth to be known as Robert Chevenix took up the part and played the game. He buried the other man as himself, and there was no scandal, for the girl who had been betrayed neither wrote nor came. She might have been as one dead, and Robert Chevenix, as he now called himself boldly, could not discover who had become of her, and he, the very villain was tenantless, the woman had flown, so, in good time, the man married and Beatrix was born.

Yet now, after twenty years, Robert Chevenix stood up to face her, and to answer in himself for another man's sin.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

KING EDWARD AS TOURIST.

Kiel Trip Recalls His Vast Experience as a World-Wanderer.

King Edward VII., who starts to-day for Kiel, is not only Sovereign of a world-wide Empire, but he is a world-wide traveller.

Sometimes he has journeyed triumphally as a Monarch, sometimes incognito, as the Earl of Chester, or as Baron Renfrew, when he was in the States, or as when he visited Constantinople with the Queen, and they were called "Mr. and Mrs. Williams."

In 1849 he made his first formal journey when his father and mother took him to Aberdeen. His first formal foreign tour was in 1856, on the occasion of the late Queen Victoria's visit to Paris.

Forty thousand troops presented arms when the royal party landed at Boulogne, and the Emperor rode as equerry behind the Queen's carriage.

It was his mother's training that gave the King his taste for touring. She did not believe in keeping him at home. He had to see things for himself. He went on incognito walking tours in England, and took trips to Ireland and Scotland in his holidays.

A PILGRIM TO THE STATES.

In 1899 he crossed the Atlantic for the first time, going to Canada and the States, which he covered from west to east, and though he was called merely "Baron Renfrew," the Americans insisted upon honouring him as heir to the British throne.

At Halifax he had an exciting run down the longest lumber-chutes in Ottawa, a mile from top to bottom. At Niagara Falls he saw Blondin cross on a tight-rope carrying a man on his back. Blondin offered to carry the King across the famous falls, but his Majesty did not feel inclined to accept.

His next foreign pilgrimage was with Dean Stanley to the Holy Land. They went also to the Pyramids and up the Nile.

No heir to the British throne had been to Jerusalem since the days of Edward I. For 700 years no royal personage had entered the Mosque of Hebron, which he was allowed to visit.

AN EXCEPTIONAL PRIVILEGE.

"For no one but the eldest son of the Queen of England would I have allowed the gates to be opened," said the Turk in charge. "The princes of any other nation would have had to pass over my dead body before I would have done so."

Among the earliest tours King Edward made with Queen Alexandra was a visit to Denmark, the Queen's home, where, to his astonishment, as an Englishman, and a sportsman, he was invited to shoot foxes.

Later on, at Stockholm, he enjoyed himself in the deep forests on a two-days' elk hunt. The first day the party drew blank, in the second an elk was shot, and his Majesty—such a rare sight it is—ran half a mile to see the magnificent animal lying dead.

On an anniversary of the birth of the first Prince of Wales—Edward of Carnarvon, on April 25, 1284—the King and Queen, then Prince and Princess, visited Carnarvon.

BIG NILE THIRST.

They travelled also to Berlin and Vienna, and then up the Nile—the King's second trip. The party took with them, to guard against the inevitable thirst developed by the dust and sand, 3,000 bottles of champagne and 20,000 bottles of soda-water. On the return journey they visited the Suez Canal, and were "shown over" it by M. de Lesseps.

Next came a journey to Constantinople, where the Sultan surprised Eastern records in his exhibitions of magnificence. The first banquet ever given by the Turkish Monarch to Christian guests was served to them on plates of gold, studded with priceless gems. The Sultan conducted the Queen over his harem.

Their Majesties went on to the Crimea, and concluded a six months' absence from home by a short stay in Greece.

HIS FAMOUS INDIAN TOUR.

On October 16, 1875, on board the Serapis, King Edward set sail for his memorable tour in India, which was, as he himself declared, the realisation of one of the dreams of his life.

When he stepped upon Indian soil at Bombay on November 8 the signal was given by telegraph, and a simultaneous royal salute boomed out from every station in India where there was a gun to

fire. Two days after, on his thirty-fourth birthday, he held a great durbar, to which all the Rajahs came, resplendent in jewels. Later, at a levee held in the heat of the day, the Prince had to bow nearly three thousand times to those who were presented.

Over four hundred presents were given him by the Indian potentates of Bombay. When he went

nothing but the fleetness of his sure-footed horse saved him.

On March 13 he sailed for home, bringing with him a regular menagerie of elephants, tigers, leopards, ostriches, and monkeys, among many mementoes of a most successful tour.

From this till his Coronation he was constantly on the Continent, at Cannes for the winter, or Homburg or Marienbad to drink the waters.

After the illness which caused the postponement of the Coronation, he went on a yachting cruise from Portsmouth to the Isle of Man, to Arran, and round the Scotch coast.

Everyone remembers his great tour last year on the Continent to Portugal, Gibraltar, Malta, Naples, Rome, and then to Paris, where his wonderful diplomacy brought about the renewed friendship between England and France.

Only at the end of last year he went, as no one



The King is a sportsman in every way, but yachting comes first in his affections.

to see the Gaekwar of Baroda he got his spear into his first wild boar.

He determined to see Ceylon, and went there in spite of opposition. He looked at Buddha's tooth, which is an object of veneration to millions, and when he shot a fine elephant did not forget to observe the custom of cutting its tail off with his own hand.

At Tinnevely, in Southern India, 6,000 natives Christians came out to meet him. In Madras he apparently went about unguarded, and 800 native policemen were on the watch to protect him, mixing with the crowd. At Calcutta £100 was the price of a box in the theatre when he was present. He most enjoyed the latter part of the trip, which was mainly occupied with sport. The royal shooting camp harboured 2,500 people, 250 elephants, and 550 camels. The Prince proved himself a first-class shot. He bagged six tigers in one day; two fell to a single shot.

He once narrowly escaped a charging herd of elephants by climbing up a tree. On another occasion an enraged old tusker chased him, and

has forgotten, to Ireland, where he was received with rapture, and now he is bound for Kiel, where he will be the guest of the Kaiser.

EPITAPH ON SKIN.

Mr. Walter Winans, the crack American revolver shot, who is in charge of the shooting gallery at the Albert Hall bazaar, hit upon a novel way to keep green the memory of a favourite trotting horse.

He had tattooed on his arm a picture of his beloved steed, with the name, and "In memoriam" underneath.

So ingeniously was the design worked on the various muscles that when the arm is moved the horse seems to be in motion, too.

Twelve Boer rifles, or carbines, captured in the late war, have been issued to Salford as trophies by the Army Council.

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The number of letters testifying to the value of "Antexema" is great. Some are given in a pamphlet, and show the enormous number of skin troubles cured by "Antexema." The one regret expressed by the writers is that they did not know of "Antexema" sooner. These genuine testimonials can be seen at our offices. We are proud to show them.

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BUN FLOUR

Page

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